



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

GEORGIANA:

Daughter of George the Third.



Portrait of Georgiana.

BY GEORGE CRABBE, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR MR. ARCADE MIDDLE,
IN PARLIAMENT STREET.

1794.



600075166V

2/1











J. G. del. et sculp.

*His late Majesty, George the Third,
taken in his Winter Uniform:*

Published by W. Whitehouse, Paternoster Row, 1820.

GEORGIANA:

OR,

Anecdotes of George the Third.

WITH A SELECTION OF
POETICAL EFFUSIONS

AND OTHER
EULOGIUMS ON HIS CHARACTER,

AND ON THAT OF
H. R. H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

BY INGRAM COBBIN, M. A.

London:

Printed by John Hill, Water Lane, Blackfriars:
FOR W. WHITTEMORE, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND SOLD

By Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; Ogle, Glasgow;
and Keene, Dublin.

1820.

226. k. 128.





ANECDOTES OF GEORGE III.

HIS MANNERS, HABITS, &c.

GEORGE III., the second child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., and of Augusta, Princess of Saxe Gotha, was born in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, the 4th June, 1738. His constitution was sound and vigorous, though he came into the world at the term of seven months.

On June 6, 1756, Doddington, in his diary, observes, "I heard that a message in writing had been sent to the prince from the king, (George II.) offering him an allowance of forty thousand a year, and an apartment in the palaces of Kensington and St. James's. The answer was full of high gratitude for the allowance, but declining the apartments, on account of the mortification it would be to his mother, though it is well known

B

that he does not live with her either in town or country."*

By the time our late sovereign had attained his 17th year, his mind and character began to be developed; he was then observed by his mother to be shy and backward; not a wild dissipated boy, but good natured and cheerful, with a serious cast upon the whole; but those about him knew him no more than if they had never seen him: that he was not quick, but, with those with whom he was acquainted, affable and intelligent. His education had given her much pain. His book learning she was no judge of, though she supposed it small or useless; but she hoped he might have been instructed in the general understanding of things.

His health during his youth was remarkably good, and his constitution sound, vigorous, and robust, although he came into the world at the term of seven months. His childhood was not remarkable for any striking traits of character, but rather for a carelessness and sluggishness of disposition, united to a mild and amiable temper. At the age of thirteen he lost his father, who was a weak prince, and unwilling, even were he capable, of attending to the education of his children, which was consequently much neglected. Notwithstanding this circumstance, his late majesty was strongly attached to his father, and evinced upon many occasions, whilst in his minority, his filial piety and dutiful affection, by the tears he

* George III. was then 18 years of age. His mother was not on good terms with George II. on account of his treatment of her husband Frederick, the deceased Prince of Wales.

shed, when "busy meddling memory" was conjuring up the image of his deceased parent. His fraternal affection was also very great, and, according to the testimony of the then Princess Dowager, recorded in the diary of Doddington, he tenderly loved his brother Edward, the late duke of York.

Having recently completed his 22nd year, he ascended the throne on the 25th October, 1760.

Horace Walpole gives this description of the king, soon after his coronation: "The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity, and extreme good nature, which breaks out upon all occasions."

Again he observes: "For the king himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy every body. All his speeches are obliging—I saw him yesterday, and was surprized to find that the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den.

"This sovereign does not stand in one spot, with his eyes royally fixed on the ground, and dropping bits of german news; he walked about and spoke to every body; I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers well."

The king's marriage unfolded new excellencies in his mind, most important to the interests of his people. Long before the royal marriage was resolved on, his heart, it is supposed, had been deeply touched by the attractions of a young lady, in the highest rank of English nobility. His majesty's thoughts were believed to be strongly bent on removing every obstacle which impeded the indulgence of his affections. But then, as at all

times, he sacrificed his own happiness to the public good ; he yielded to the representations of his more calm advisers, and became the husband of the queen, now deceased. Her majesty was not handsome in the eye more especially of a man of 22, whose heart was pre-occupied with another image. An involuntary expression of the king's countenance revealed what was passing within ; but it was a passing cloud. The generous feelings of the monarch were interested ; and the tenderness with which he thenceforward treated queen Charlotte was uninterrupted, until the moment of their final separation.

When the parliament was dissolved, six months after his majesty's accession, he took an early opportunity of informing all his ministers, that no money should be spent to procure the election of members favourable to the government ; saying, at the same time, that " He would be tried by his country." This gave occasion to the following lines :

- " Tried by your country ! to your people's love,
- " Amiable prince, so soon appeal ?
- " Stay till the tender sentiments improve,
- " Ripening to gratitude from zeal.
- " Years hence (yet, ah ! too soon) shall Britain see,
- " The trial of thy virtue past :
- " Who could foretel that your first wish would be
- " What all believe will be your last ?"

The present age has not done justice to the king's abilities. His conversation in public was sometimes light and superficial ; but he often had a purpose in such dialogue, and as often entered into it to relieve himself from the weight of su-

perior thoughts. The king taking exercise and amusing himself with those about him, and the king in the cabinet, were two different men. In the discussion of public affairs, he was astonishingly fluent and acute; and his habits of business enabled him to refer with ease to the bearings of every subject. His successive ministers have each borne testimony to the dignity of his manners, as well as to the readiness of his address, when he put on the character of the sovereign. Nothing which was submitted to him was passed over with indifference or haste. Every paper which came under his eye contained marks of his observation; and the notes, which he almost invariably inserted in the margin, were remarkable as well for the strong sense as the pithiness of their character.

The king was not a great reader. Indeed, he scarcely ever took up a book. But he had particular skill in obtaining information, and employed persons of ability to read books, and convey to him their substance.

The temperance of his late majesty's life has become almost proverbial. He rose in summer and winter before six o'clock. He would take a slight breakfast at eight, and dine off the plainest joint at one. He retired early to rest, after passing the evening with his family, and generally amused himself with music, of which he was passionately fond, and in which he manifested a most correct taste. The king's agricultural pursuits (for as Burke has justly said, "even in his amusements he was a patriot") contributed to the strength of his constitution.

George III. paid unremitting attention to the scholars of Eton school. He knew the most dis-

tinguished boys by name, noted their reputations and characters in his memory, and has been known to remind an eminent statesman of the prize which he gained at school.

His late majesty was ever admired for the correct and dignified, the emphatic and beautiful manner in which he delivered his speeches from the throne. The celebrated Quin, who had given his majesty some lessons in elocution, exclaimed, on one of these occasions, "I taught the boy to speak."

The king had a great dislike to Wilkes. So ungrateful was the sound of Wilkes and No. 45, (the famous number of the *North Briton*,) that in 1772, the Prince of Wales, now George IV. then a mere boy, having been chid for some boyish fault, and wishing to take his boyish revenge, is related to have done so by stealing to the king's apartment, and shouting at the door, "Wilkes and No. 45 for ever," and speedily running away. It is hardly necessary to add, that the king laughed at the trick with his accustomed good humour.

Dr. Dodd, when chaplain in ordinary to his majesty, fell under his displeasure in consequence of having made an indecorous venal offer to a lady of distinction, for high preferment in the church; in consequence of which the king erased his name from the list of his chaplains.

When that ill-fated divine was condemned, the king would not pardon him, observing, that "the crime which he had committed was greater in a clergyman than in any other person."

At a review in the vicinity of Winchester, in the year 1778, among the numerous assembled spectators was the celebrated David Garrick; in con-

sequence of the immense pressure, the British Roscius was compelled to dismount, and at that very moment his horse finding himself at liberty, ran off, and rushed amidst the multitude; the great actor, contemplating the loss of that noble animal, and viewing himself as personating the Third Richard, as on Bosworth Field, exclaimed, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" This exclamation attracted general attention, but more especially that of his majesty, whose quick apprehension immediately gave the exclamation of Garrick, to adopt the language of our immortal bard; "Its form and pressure." "These," said the king, "must be the tones of Garrick, see if he is not on the ground." That illustrious performer was immediately introduced, when his majesty said, "I could not be mistaken; your delivery of Shakspeare can never pass undiscovered."

When the king was advised by his physicians to go to Cheltenham, for the benefit of drinking the waters, he was, in one of his walks, accompanied by the queen and princesses, soon surrounded by a vast concourse of people. Instead of feeling any dissatisfaction at the eager gaze, and probably rude pressure of the country peasantry, he pleasantly observed to his amiable consort: "We must walk about for two or three days to please these good people, and then, *we may walk about to please ourselves.*"

When his majesty honoured the City of Worcester with his presence, on the first morning after his arrival, he went along the principal street, at an early hour, *incognito*; he was however, recognized; and turning round to some of the bystanders, he said, "This, I suppose, is Worcester

new bridge?" "Yes," said a son of Crispin, who had left his humble stall, his awl, and his last, to see the king, "and please your majesty."—"Then," said the king, "let me have an huzza;" upon which he took off his hat and set the example.

On the following morning, the king was out at half past five; he walked to the lodgings of Colonel Digby and Colonel Gwynne. The female servant was cleaning the door; the girl threw down the mop, and rung the bell. His majesty told her to desist, and requested to know where the "fellows" slept; he followed the servant to their bed-chambers, and called them up. The colonels jumped out of their beds, as if they had been surprised by an enemy in the camp; but their sovereign had left, ere they had dressed themselves.

The inhabitants of that ancient city were deeply affected, while beholding the monarch of the British empire walking their streets as a private gentleman, with only two or three attendants, amidst a population of thousands. Dr. Hurd, the learned and excellent Bishop of Worcester, was visited by the king, who exhibited the utmost degree of satisfaction, in conversing with a prelate of such distinguished talent. An incident occurred during the royal visit, which places in the highest point of view the condescending and benevolent disposition of his late majesty. Of all religious sects seceding from the established church, the Quakers, or, as they style themselves, the Society of Friends, owe an immense debt of gratitude to his memory; he granted them privileges which they never enjoyed before. While at Worcester, his majesty perceived, upon leaving the bishop's palace, about a dozen individuals of

that body, to whom, with the most gentleman-like politeness, he bowed, and even took off his hat; a simultaneous moving of hands took place, and one of the party addressed him in these words, "Fare thee well, friend George." The king and queen laughed heartily at this systematic affectation.

The following narrative is from the memoirs of the late George Hardinge, Esq. one of the Welsh judges, and well known for his classical acquirements and general literary attainments. It is of himself that he speaks; and his interview with the late king took place at Windsor in the summer of 1789. After waiting a short time, he was thus introduced into the royal presence:—

"I went through a very handsome apartment into another, most beautifully fitted up, with a ceiling of the modern work, 'done,' as the king told me, 'in a week.' Into this room I was shut; and found in it, standing by the fire, without any form, the king, queen, three princesses, and the bedchamber-woman, whoever she was, for I have not made her out, but liked her very much, because she seemed to like *me*. It is impossible for words to express the kind and companionable good humour of the whole party. I almost forget that any one of them was my superior. The king looked 15 years younger, and much better in the face, though as red as ever. He said a number of excellent things, and in the most natural way. The queen, with amazing address and cleverness, gave a turn to the conversation, and mixed in it just at the right place. You will not believe me when I tell you, that I passed half an hour, at least, in the room.

"The princesses looked, as they always do, the

pink of good humour. The Princess Royal had a very fine colour; the two others were pale. The King did a very odd thing by the princess royal; but I loved him for it. He said, 'he would ask *me*, as a man of taste, what I thought by the ceiling; and then called upon the princess royal to explain the allegorical figures on the ceiling, which she did, blushing a little at first, in the sweetest manner, with a distinct voice and great propriety of emphasis. This one trait would at once demonstrate how very kind they were. The king began by asking me, how 'I could run away from London, and give up my fees?' I told him that I never minded fees, but *less* when they interfered with my sense of duty to him. The queen then came up to me, and said, 'You have less merit in the visit, because a little bird has told me that you are on your way to your circuit.' This produced the topic of my *circuit*, and the king said, that he understood Moysey to be a good man in domestic life.'

"We went slap-dash into politics, queen and all. The king laughed heartily at the *rats*, by that name, and said they were the boldest rats he ever knew, for that all the calculation was against them. 'Even * * * * * said, *it was probable I should recover*; not that I *am* recovered, according to some of them. And yet I have read the last report of the physicians, which is a tolerably good proof that I am well. By the way, your uncle* is considerably better, and I flatter myself, that *my* getting well has done him good.' I then said 'that I had left him in some alarm, how he was to wear the Windsor uniform with the tie-wig over it, for the

* Earl Camden.

fear that he should be mistaken for an old general that had fought the battle of Dettingen.' The queen said, '*Oh! I plead guilty to that; and I see you enjoy it.*' 'I,' said Hardinge, '*will enjoy it, for though he is very good-natured, he loves a little innocent mischief.*' The king then told me the whole story of his conference with Pitt; commended the House of Commons, and said, 'his illness had in the end been a perfect bliss only to him, as proving to him how nobly the people would support him when he was confined.' This tempted me to say, that 'it was no political debate, but the contest between generous humanity and mean cruelty, and it interested human nature.' The king seemed very much pleased with this idea, and worked upon it. I commended the conduct of the bishops, and it made them laugh! Said the king, 'you mean to commend it as a *wonder!*' He talked over Lord North and the Duke of Portland. He talked of the chancellor of Loughborough, and even of Mr. Baron Hotham; and said, 'you are almost the *only man who loves the land for its own sake.*' Then we talked of Mrs. Siddons, Jordan, &c.; and the queen said 'Siddons was going to Germany, to make the English find out by her absence, that she was good for something.' Then we flew to Handel; after which the king made me a most gracious bow, and said 'I am going to my dinner.' I was near the door, made a low bow to the females, and departed."

In one of his morning strolls through the streets of Windsor, in 1792, he turned into the shop of a bookseller, who was still in bed. He amused himself in looking round the shop, while the boy stole up stairs to call his master. In the mean time, the king had stumbled on some copies of

Paine's Rights of Man; and, seating himself on the counter, was employed in reading it, when the bookseller bustled into the shop. Seeing the obnoxious work which the king was perusing, he considered himself lost; and, as the king kept the book close to his face, and was intently engaged in reading, he found it impossible to disturb him, though he coughed loud, and knocked the bundles about, and changed the places of all the chairs and tables. At length, arriving at a period in the sum or argument, the king looked up, and seeing the bookseller, entered into familiar chat, and laying the book on the counter, presently retired in his usual good humour. The bookseller was nevertheless uneasy; but he never afterwards observed any difference in the conduct of the king towards him, though, on turning up the pamphlet at the place where the royal reader had paused, there was found in that page the famous passage in which Paine unceremoniously asserted, that the king had not sufficient capacity to make a parish constable.

When his late majesty was at his stables, (it being almost his constant practice to walk from the castle, and mount his horse at the mews, to ride to his farms) he entered into conversation in the most familiar manner with Mr. Daniel Smith, the auctioneer, who was superintending the re-building of his house, which had been destroyed by fire. His majesty observed, that it would be a great improvement, if the external wall was carried out a few feet further; and, upon Mr. Smith replying, that it was his majesty's private property, and of course he could not have presumed to have solicited such a favour, the king turned round and said quickly, "What!

did you think, Mr. Smith, I was so bad a neighbour? Take it, take it."

Not many days before the death of the princess Amelia, and when her royal highness received the awful communication from her physicians of her impending danger, she expressed a wish to have a very valuable and choice stone, in the possession of her royal highness, put to a ring for the king, for him to wear in remembrance of her; and, to complete her wishes, she desired it might be manufactured without delay, that she might herself have the pleasure of presenting and putting it on the finger of her beloved father, previously to her departure from life. To satisfy her wishes, a person was sent for from London, and, on his arrival at Windsor, he was shewn into the chamber of her royal highness, and received the necessary instructions from herself, for the immediate manufacture of the ring. It was speedily executed, and the man who furnished it had a handsome present for his dispatch. Her royal highness had, on the following day, the wished-for felicity, of placing the ring on his late majesty's finger, as he affectionately squeezed her hand at parting. The scene of the ring, for which the king had received no previous preparation, was observed to affect his majesty deeply; his mental distress became immediately great, and, in a few days, the royal family were alarmed by the appearance of the melancholy symptoms of the disorder which ever since afflicted his majesty, until death terminated his sufferings. So rapid was the operation of the dreadful malady, that its existence was decidedly confirmed by the physicians, before the death of the princess Amelia,

although not many days intervened between that fatal result, and the presentation of the ring.

When his majesty visited the Nore, to see the North Sea Fleet after Duncan's victory, foul winds prevented him from going on board, till he was obliged to return to London; but, rather than disappoint the tars, he at last resolved to run all hazards and inconveniences; and, being thrown out of bed by the rolling of the vessel, he with great condescension said to Captain Trollope, "Do not consider me; but consider, if I cannot get to the Nore, the disappointment of those brave fellows, whom I long to thank, as I have you, for defending me, protecting my people, and preserving my country."

The close attention of the king to business, and his strict temperance, were extremely remarkable. In all things he was indefatigable, and he has rode on horseback to town to a levee or a council, under the heaviest rain, and, alighting at Buckingham House, gone to St. James's in a chair, previously to changing his dress. There he has spoken to every individual in a crowded circle, and afterwards spent the entire day, until five or six o'clock, in presiding at a privy council, or in private audiences, abstaining from all refreshments, except perhaps a dish of tea and a slice of bread and butter, which he has taken while walking up and down the apartment, in waiting for his travelling carriage, to return to his family and domestic circle.

The king's affection for his children was peculiarly tender, and was strikingly exemplified in the anxious solicitude of his enquiries after them when indisposed. It is well known, that he would

go to the lower lodge himself, at the early hour of five in the morning, and, gently tapping at the door of their apartments, would enquire how they had passed the night. *Redford's Sermons.*

A mantua-maker at Windsor, who was employed by the king's nursery maid, complained bitterly one day of the loss of her time, for she had been waiting for *two hours* to try on a gown which she had finished for the maid, and was obliged to return at last without accomplishing her object, his majesty having been all that time in the nursery playing with his children.

His late majesty's habitual abstinence from the customary pleasures of the table, was scarcely equalled by that of any private person in his dominions, who had enough to eat. Fruit was the only luxury in which he indulged, and that was cultivated in the royal gardens to high perfection, and served at table in great abundance.

Their majesties (says a contemporary writer) rise at six in the morning, and enjoy the two succeeding hours, which they call their own. At eight, the prince of Wales, the bishop of Osnaburgh, the princess royal, and prince William Henry, are brought from their several houses to Kew, to breakfast. At nine, the younger children attend to lisp or smile their good morrows: and, whilst the eldest are closely applying to their tasks, the little ones and their nurses pass the whole morning in Richmond Gardens. The king and queen frequently amuse themselves with sitting in the room while the children dine, and once a week, attended by the whole offspring in pairs, make the tour of Richmond Gardens. In the afternoon the queen works, and the king reads to her. In the evening all the children again pay

their duty at Kew House, before they retire to bed; and the same order is observed through each returning day. Topography is one of the king's favourite studies; he copies every capital chart, takes models of all the celebrated fortifications, knows the soundings of the chief harbours in Europe, and the strong and weak sides of most of the fortified towns. He can name every ship in his navy, and its commander.

Nothing could be more courteous, pleasant, and familiar, than the king's address at a levee. He often repeated the same things, and used the same words to successions of state officers; but he pleased all by his apparent personal devotion to each, while addressing him. With those whom he had seen often he entered into long stories, and always had some appropriate joke.

Some years back, Mr. Slack, an eminent sugar-baker in London, purchased an estate near Maidenhead. Hearing that the king was out with his harriers, Mr. Slack hastened to order that his gates might be thrown open, for his majesty and suite to have free access over the grounds, placing himself at one of the principal openings. The king soon passed through, and, drawing up his horse, addressed himself with his wonted familiarity on such occasions to the proprietor of the field: "Slack," said his majesty, "I am glad to see you; and thank you for your attention. You are making great improvements here, which I am always pleased to see; but you will never make your estate perfect, unless you take in those fields, (pointing them out) and I am told that they must inevitably come to the hammer." Mr. S. thanked his majesty for the kind suggestion; but there would still be one object to its completion as a

ring fence, which perhaps he was not aware of. "There are fields between my property and those of Mr. P. which belong to the corporation of Reading, and bodies corporate have not the power to sell or alienate any part of their estates." "Don't tell me of that," replied the king, hastily; "look into the late act of parliament for the redemption of the land tax, there you will find a clause, enacting corporate bodies to sell or exchange for that express purpose. Get some friend belonging to the hall, who can talk a little, and the business will be easily brought about. Good morning to you; look at the act, and you'll find I am right."

In the 93rd number of the Monthly Magazine, (Nov. 1802) the editor reported the result of his personal observations during a month's residence at Windsor, in the following terms: "The private life of his majesty not being generally known, it may be interesting to observe, that he is an early riser, and a constant attendant every day at eight o'clock on divine service, which is performed in the king's chapel, in the upper court. Except on the days on which public business calls him to London, he generally rides out till dinner in the great park, to his farm, accompanied by some of the princesses on horseback, or in their sociables. He dines at half after four, on plain beef or mutton, hot or cold, as the dinner never waits, and, at a quarter after six, makes his appearance on the terrace, attended by his amiable, accomplished, and beautiful daughters, and occasionally by one or other of his sons: and here he promenades for an hour, occasionally stopping and chatting with those persons of whom he has any knowledge. Notwithstanding the affectation of numerous guards in London, his majesty is

always unguarded at Windsor; and he appears to give his subjects full and liberal credit for that degree of loyalty, which a king, who is governed by the law of the land, is always sure to experience; there is nothing different in his majesty's public appearance on foot, from what it was before the late war, except the ungracious attendance of two police officers, who pace at a short distance from his person, one before and the other behind him, and who keep back at a suitable distance, all persons that appear to entertain an intention of direct intrusion. His majesty indulges in his well-founded partiality for gothic architecture, and is at this time rendering the style of his magnificent castle more uniform, by altering several of the windows, and rebuilding a new and very tasteful entrance into the state apartments. Under his patronage, St. George's chapel has been rendered, by various embellishments, one of the most beautiful places for divine worship in Christendom."

At the king's first levee after the attack of Hadfield on his person, in the theatre, in 1800, he expressed to Mr. Sheridan his satisfaction at the quiet result of the attack, in its effects on the audience, which Mr. S. with all the grace of a courtier, and with great truth and propriety, instantly attributed to the noble example of the king, expatiating on the havoc and confusion that might have been occasioned had the king quitted the box: to which his majesty replied—"No doubt that would have been the case, but (in a firm and dignified tone) I should have despised myself for ever, had I but stirred a single inch. A man on such an occasion should need no prompting, but immediately see what is his

duty." It is worthy of record also, that when his majesty took leave of his family for the night, he calmly said, "I am going to bed with a confidence that I shall sleep soundly; and my prayer is that the poor unhappy prisoner, who aimed at my life, may rest as quietly as I shall."

During the king's illness in 1788; being one day tired of vainly soliciting to see the queen, he desired to have her picture, when he addressed it, with great calmness and recollection, in these words:—"We have been married twenty-eight years, and never have we been separated *a day* till *now*, and *now* you abandon me in my misfortunes." It being deemed improper to hazard the queen's having an interview with his majesty, a lady whom he used particularly to esteem and value, begged to be permitted to see him, in the hope of exciting some salutary feeling in the royal mind. The event did not answer the benevolent intention; but too well confirmed the expediency of the queen's remaining at a distance.

Another day, his majesty desired to have £400 from his privy purse. He divided it into different sums, wrapping them up in separate papers, upon which he wrote the names of persons to whom he had been accustomed to make monthly payments, with perfect accuracy and precision. His majesty then wrote down the different sums, with the names annexed, cast up the whole, as he formerly used to do, and ordered the money to be paid immediately, it being then due.

The following circumstance may serve to shew the excellent disposition of him whom we have lost. One related to my family, and who was personally known to his majesty, wishing once to pass through a gate near the royal residence, but

finding it locked, was returning. The king observed the circumstance; and taking a key from his pocket, called the person by name, and said, "I have a key which will unlock that gate, and I will let you through."—*Pinchback's Sermon.*

Note. The above anecdote seems trifling; but how many rich persons would think themselves degraded by such an act of condescension.

In the former time of a great struggle to grant further and very dangerous indulgences to the Roman Catholics, the king pleaded its being against his conscience, and resisted it with firmness. But being, with great pertinacity, further urged, he said, with much good nature, and with a conciseness that was common to him, "*Tell me who took the CORONATION oath: did you or I?*" The pleader was not stopped by this pointed reply, but was proceeding, when the king interrupting him, said, "*Dundas, let me have no more of your Scotch sophistry; I took the oath, and I must keep it.*"*

George III. was of a good height, about five feet ten and a half inches, and of a robust person. In his youth, he was considered handsome, being of a fair and blooming complexion, but his face and his eyes were too prominent. His hair was light flaxen, his eyes were grey, his eye-brows white, his lips thick, his teeth white and regular, and mouth large and wide. Latterly his face was red, and often of a deep copper-colour. His countenance, when grave, had an air of deep melancholy; but, when cheerful, it indicated a degree of frivolity approaching to weakness.

* From Dr. Rippon's Sermon.

WIT.

No person was fonder of bon mots and repartees than the king, and not unfrequently would he pronounce some of sterling merit. The following may serve as a specimen :—Captain Mannors was one day announced to his majesty. “ Let him come in,” said the king, “ he is not only manners, but *good manners*.”

His majesty was very fond of reviewing his troops; and the following anecdote is recorded of him :—after reviewing the second regiment of Life Guards, in June, 1798, two privates went through the sword-exercise before the king; after which, lord Cathcart enquired if his majesty would be pleased to see two of the youngest officers display their science in the use of the sword. He assented, and was much gratified with their execution. His majesty then turned to the general, and enquired who were the oldest officers present. And being answered that lord Cathcart and major Barton were, he desired to see them perform, laughing heartily, and telling his lordship, that he had brought the exhibition on himself. They accordingly turned out, to the great amusement of those present, and, though the major’s system savoured a little of the old school, they acquitted themselves very respectably.

In the latter end of March, 1781, lord Bateman waited upon the king, and begged to know what time his majesty would choose to have the stag hounds turned out, of which his lordship was master. “ My lord,” replied the king, looking very seriously, “ I cannot exactly answer that, but I can inform you, that your lordship was turned out about an hour ago.” His lordship was

succeeded in his office by the marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards duke of Leeds.

After his majesty's recovery, in 1789, and before the grand procession to Saint Paul's, the king sat to Barry for his portrait. A day or two after the procession, Barry waited upon the king. "Well," said his majesty, "did you see the grand sight the other day?" Barry answered, that he had an excellent view of the whole procession, from a window on Ludgate-hill. "You had the advantage of me, then," said the king, "for I saw nothing but the backs of my horses."

His majesty in one of his rides near Richmond, observed a handsome house; and being anxious to know who was the owner, he made the necessary enquiry. He received for answer, that the mansion was the lately-purchased property of his majesty's card-maker. "Indeed," replied the king; "then this man's cards have all turned up trumps!"—*Percy Anecdotes.*

At a grand review by his majesty of the Portsmouth fleet in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility, as to surprise every spectator. The king particularly noticed it, and said to lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have heard much of your agility, let us see you run up after that boy." "Sire," replied lord Lothian, "it is my duty to follow your majesty."—*From the same.*

After the famous victory of Camperdown, his majesty went down to the Nore, to see the captured Dutch men of war. On this occasion, one of the lords of the admiralty, who attended the king, suffered sadly from the "billowy motion." His majesty could not help being greatly diverted with the circumstance. "What! what!" said he,

"a lord of the *navy* on board *sea-sick*! strange, very strange."—*From the same.*

As the volunteer corps of the metropolis and its neighbourhood were once passing in review before the king on Wimbledon common, the officer who carried the colours of the Croydon corps, was so taken up with gazing on his majesty, that he forgot to pay the usual compliment of lowering the colours. Some time after, his majesty happened to be passing through a town in Kent, where a corps of volunteers were on permanent duty; and the captain's guard having turned out, in honour of his majesty, "What corps?—what corps?" asked his majesty. The officer answered, "The Croydon volunteers, may it please your majesty." "Ah! ah!" replied his majesty, smiling, "I remember them well at Wimbledon. You came off with *flying colours* that day."

The king on one occasion at Weymouth, paid a prompt compliment to the navy: when going on board his yacht, and hearing an attendant caution an honest Jack to be careful in handing up some nautical instrument, he instantly turned round, and exclaimed, "Oh! there is no occasion for that caution; every thing is safe in the hands of a British seaman."

When on a visit at Weymouth in 1789, on one occasion at noon, the lieutenant of the watch, agreeably to nautical custom, informed the captain, whilst conversing with his majesty, that it was twelve o'clock. "Make it so, Sir," replied the captain; meaning to order the bell to be rung for the close of the nautical day, and the commencement of a new one; the king was instantly struck with this, and with a smile observed to the

captain, "You, Sir, possess more power than do : I cannot make it what time I please."

While on a visit to Portsmouth in the year 1773, on one occasion when the king set out before five o'clock in the morning, to view the ramparts and land fortifications, the guard not being mounted at an hour so early and unexpected, the soldiers followed him with great confusion, accompanied by an immense crowd ; and when general Harvey apologized for the non-attendance of his guard, his majesty, turning round, answered with great pleasantry and politeness, " Poh ! poh ! what need have I of further guard ? my person cannot be better protected than by those handsome females that are around me."

The late celebrated mathematical instrument maker, Mr. Ramsden, was frequently deficient in punctuality, and would delay for months, nay for years, the delivery of instruments bespoke from him. His majesty who had more than once experienced this dilatory disposition, once ordered an instrument, which he made Ramsden positively promise to deliver on a certain day. The day, however, came, but not the instrument. At length, Ramsden sent word to the king, that it was finished ; on which a message was sent him, desiring that he would bring it himself to the palace. He, however answered, that he would not come, unless his majesty would promise not to be angry with him for his want of punctuality. " Well, well," said the king, " let him come ; he is conscious of his fault, it would be hard to reprove him for it." On this assurance he went to the palace, where he was graciously received by the king, after expressing his entire satisfaction with the instrument, only added, with a good

natured smile, " You have been uncommonly punctual this time, Mr. Ramsden, having brought the instrument on the very day of the month you promised it; you have only made a mistake *in the date of the year.*" It was, in fact, a year after the stipulated time.

When on his way back to St. James's after the assaults upon him in the park, in 1795, stones were thrown at the carriage, by which the glasses were broken to pieces; the king took one of these stones out of the cuff of his coat, where it had lodged, and gave it to me, saying, " I make you a present of this, as a mark of the civilities we have met on our journey to-day."

The king some years ago having purchased a horse, the dealer put into his hands a large sheet of paper, completely written over. " What's this ?" said the king. " The pedigree of the horse which your majesty has just bought," was the answer. " Take it back, take it back," said the king, laughing, " it will do just as well for the next horse you sell."

When the king was walking out early one morning at Windsor, he thus addressed a boy at the stable door: " Well, boy, what do you do? what do they pay you?" " I help in the stables, but I have nothing but victuals and clothes." " Be content," said the king, " I have no more."

His majesty was accustomed, after hearing a sermon, to walk and discourse with the preacher. On one of these occasions, speaking to a fashionable preacher, he asked him whether he had read bishops Andrews, Sanderson, Sherlock, &c. The pigmy divine replied, " No, please your majesty, my reading is all modern. The writers of whom your majesty speaks are now obsolete, though I doubt not they might have been very well for those days." The king, turning upon his heel, re-

joined, with pointed emphasis, "There were giants on the earth in those days." *Gen. vi. 4.*

POLITICS.

When the independence of the United States was acknowledged, the British court was now to see among its ambassadors, one of the men whom it would have hung up but a short time before as a rebel. The king had very properly confessed in his speech, that in acknowledging the independence of the colonies, he had yielded to the wishes and opinions of his people. He repeated as much to the American ambassador, Mr. Adams, telling him, that, as he had been the last to sheath the sword, he would be the first in zeal to see it kept so. This was at least judicious; and was the most graceful way of getting out of an awkward pertinacity. This first interview with the ambassador had been related by Mr. Adams himself, who acknowledged his own share of embarrassment, but evidently felt that his majesty had the greater. After the ice was broken, the king, in his abrupt way, told Adams with a laugh, that he understood him to be a favourite of the French, who had then begun to evince revolutionary symptoms. Mr. Adams said, that the indiscreetness of this remark was obvious, and that he could not let it pass by. He therefore put on a very firm, though respectful look, and answered, that as an ambassador, he knew of no country but one, which was his own: to which the king replied, blushing, and as quick as lightning, "An honest man knows no other!"

When Mr. Adams came to England as ambassador from the United States after they had ceased to be considered as rebels, on his interview with

the king, his majesty said, "Tell your government, that as I was the last man in England to acknowledge your independence, so I shall henceforth be the foremost to prove that I respect it."

The recovery of the king in 1789, was remarkably sudden: Pitt and Melville had no hopes of such an event, and were about to retire to the bar, expecting a dissolution of the ministry, for Dr. Willis had thought the king incurable; but, on the 23d of Feb. Mr. Pitt and lord Melville were dining with lord Chesterfield, when a letter was brought to the former, which he read; and sitting next to lord Melville, gave it to him under the table, and whispered, that as he had looked at it, it would be better to talk it over in lord Chesterfield's dressing room. This proved to be a letter in the king's own hand, announcing his recovery to Mr. Pitt, in terms somewhat as follow:—"The king renews with great satisfaction his communication with Mr. Pitt, after the long suspension of their intercourse, owing to his very tedious and painful illness. He is fearful that during this interval the public interests have suffered great inconvenience and difficulty. It is most desirable that immediate measures should be taken for restoring the functions of his government; and Mr. Pitt will consult with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow morning upon the most expedient means for that purpose, and the king will receive Mr. Pitt at Kew, afterwards, about one o'clock." There could be no hesitation on the part of Mr. Pitt; but having held the necessary conference with the chancellor, he waited upon the king at the appointed time, and found him perfectly sound of mind, and in every respect, as before his illness, competent to all the affairs of his public station. This was the first

notice in any way, which Mr. Pitt received of this most important event. The reports of the physicians had indeed been of late more favourable; but, as before observed, little or no hopes of recovery were entertained. The letter in question Lord Melville took from Mr. Pitt, saying he had a trick of losing papers; and furnished him only with a copy, the original remaining in his lordship's possession. The king wrote the letter at a little table of the queen's, which stood in his apartment, without the knowledge of any person; and having finished, rang his bell, and gave it to his *valet de chambre*, directing it to be immediately carried to Mr. Pitt.

The riots in London, excited and headed by that bigotted maniac, Lord George Gordon, took place in 1780, and were the occasion of still more strongly displaying the firmness, as well as the tolerant liberality, of his majesty's mind. When those dreadful disturbances arrived at their climax, the king declared to several peers, that sooner than continue to reign over subjects who so disgracefully violated every principle of law, liberality, and religion, he would leave the country and retire to Hanover. And we have been informed, from the best authority, that this scheme was not only in contemplation, but some measures were adopted to carry it into execution. The presence of mind which his majesty possessed prevented the fatal determination being accomplished.

During the American war, he one day told Mr. West, the painter, that he understood his countrymen did not like their old king George, but wanted to have a new one in George Washington, of whose elevation to the throne the next ships would

bring the account. Mr. West, struck with the observation as a probable royal cause of persevering in a war, took the liberty to assure his majesty of the error with such earnestness, that the king agreed he should think better of the Americans, if West's assertion proved true. The queen, who sat by, observed, however, that Mr. West, she feared, would be found to be too partial to his countrymen. The next ship proved, however, that George Washington was not proclaimed; and the king dismissed his ministers and immediately opened negotiations for peace.

His majesty having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune, of Perthshire, who had not merely refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named king in his presence, "Carry my compliments to him," said the king, "but—what—stop—no—he may perhaps not receive my compliments as king of England; give him the elector of Hanover's compliments, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles."—*From Jacobite Relics, by James Hogg.*

Lord North frequently remarked of the king, "The king would live on bread and water to preserve the constitution of his country. He would sacrifice his life to maintain it inviolate."

The anecdote which I am about to introduce relative to the origin of our warfare with France, is another convincing proof of his late majesty's decision of character. On this important subject his majesty's ministers were divided in opinion.—Mr. Pitt, in the first instance, was decidedly against the declaration of hostilities; and finding his majesty determined for the war, he tendered his resignation, and remained at least se-

veral hours an ex-minister. Mr. Pitt, however, finding his majesty inflexible, and being urged by his associates in administration, resumed his office; with the full approbation of his majesty. This transaction occurred in this town, and was communicated to a friend of mine, on the day of its occurrence, by the late Earl of Chesterfield. That thinking and reflecting men have had, and still have different opinions on the origin and prosecution of the war cannot be denied. All, however, must allow that, during the revolutionary mania, there existed a period when all the nations on the continent of Europe were reduced to a state of awful prostration; and, but for the interposition of Great Britain, the French domination threatened to have been as perpetual as it had become extensive. If the revolutionary ascendancy had continued on the continent of Europe, what must have been the ultimate fate of the British dominions! Powerful as our country has proved herself both by sea and land, still could she have resisted for ever the whole world? Our king foresaw the evils which were likely to produce perpetual desolations, and it is to his penetration and firmness that we owe in a great measure the existence of the constituted authorities of the nations of Europe, and the security and peace they now enjoy.—*Dr. Cracknell.*

HIS PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

THE king evinced very early a ripened taste for literature and the arts, of which the following is

a proof given in a letter from a celebrated virtuoso and antiquary at Rome, dated Dec. 16, 1762. " Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to find so many fine things purchased for the king of Great Britain. He is now master of the best collection of drawings in the world, having purchased two or three capital collections in this city; the last (belonging to Cardinal Albanis,) for fourteen thousand crowns, consisting of 3,000 large volumes, one kind of which are original drawings of the best masters; the others, collections of the most capital engravings; and lately there has been purchased for his majesty, all the museum of Mr. Smith, at Venice, consisting of his library, prints, drawings, designs, &c. I think it is highly probable that the arts and sciences will flourish in Great Britain, under the protection and encouragement of a monarch, who is himself an excellent judge of merit in the fine arts.

His late majesty enjoyed the jokes of Peter Pindar, and purchased all his works as they were published.

A stronger proof of the king's zeal for literature and the arts, could not be manifested than in the order which he gave to the person whom he commissioned to purchase books for the fine library at Buckingham House—*never to bid a farthing against a scholar, or professor, or indeed any person of moderate means, desiring a particular volume for his own use.*

The hostility of Dr. Wolcot to the king arose from his majesty having taken a fancy to a picture at the exhibition, for which the painter would have had a hundred guineas from a private person, and then sending him but fifty pounds for it. His chief anecdotes he derived from Weltjie, cook

to the prince of Wales ; and Weltjie, being in habits of intercourse with the cooks at St. James's, readily furnished the materials for the Lousiad. It is said, the king himself magnanimously forbade the prosecution of Wolcot, laughing heartily at his jokes ; while her majesty, though less magnanimous, was unwilling to provoke the doctor to a justification. Most of the stories had some foundation, but underwent embellishments from the author's fertile genius.

His majesty discovered an early taste for literature and the arts, and, within about two years after his accession, purchased a valuable collection of drawings by the first masters in Italy, beside a museum and library of Mr. Smith, of Venice. In the beginning of his reign, he patronized Dr. Robertson, the historian, and, even for a time, the eccentric Rousseau ; but his conversations with Drs. Johnson and Beattie are so interesting as to merit some detail.

The king having heard that Dr. Johnson was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Royal Library, desired to receive information when he was there. This being given, the king entered into the room, when Johnson rose, and entered into a long conversation with his majesty. After some previous questions, the king enquired if he had any literary work in hand. The doctor replied, that he had pretty well told the world all he knew, and must read now, to acquire more knowledge. " But you do not borrow much from any body," said the king. Johnson respectfully intimated that he thought he had written enough. " And I should have thought so, too," said his majesty, " if you had not written so well." The monarch then enquired his opinion of the controversy between bishops Lowth and War-

burton. Johnson replied, " Warburton had the most general learning, and Lowth was the most correct scholar." " You do not think, then," continued his majesty, " that there was much argument in the case." The doctor did not think there was. " No, truly," replied the king, " when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end." The conversation was then continued on Dr. Hill, the botanist, the Philosophical Transactions, the periodical Reviews, &c. and after the doctor had left the royal presence, he declared that the king was the most accomplished gentleman he had ever seen. On the other hand, his majesty was no less favourably impressed with the doctor's talents; and, when some complained to him of the increase of sceptical writers, the sovereign said, " I wish Johnson would mount his dray-horse, and ride over them."

The king was attached to the fine arts and literature, to both of which he was a great patron. Of painting and architecture he was a judicious amateur. Under his auspices the Royal Academy was established. He was very partial to the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president of the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua had a small house on Richmond-hill, built for his recreation, on a plan by his friend, Sir William Chambers. It was his custom frequently in summer to dine at this place, with select parties of friends. It happened, some time before he was elected mayor of Plympton, that one day, after dining at the house, himself and his party took an evening walk in Richmond gardens, and very unexpectedly, at a turning of one of the avenues, they suddenly met the king, accompanied by a part of the royal family; and as his majesty saw them, it was impossible for

him to withdraw without being noticed. The king called to him, and immediately entered into conversation, and told him that he had been informed of the office that he was soon to be invested with, that of being made the mayor of his native town of Plympton. Sir Joshua Reynolds was astonished that so minute and inconsiderable a circumstance should have come so quickly to the knowledge of the king; but he assured his majesty of its truth, saying, that it was an honor which gave him more pleasure than any he had ever received in his life; and then, fortunately recollecting himself, added, "Except that which your majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon me;" alluding to his being knighted. This anecdote is related by Mr. Northcote, in his interesting life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

His majesty was so much noticed for his attention to agriculture, that it became usual with many to call him, "Farmer George." He had a sound and practical knowledge of that science, and delighted much in it. It was a great relaxation to his mind, after attending to the affairs of government; and it is a curious fact that he committed many observations on the subject to writing, which are to be found in Arthur Young's work, under the assumed name of Robinson.

His majesty was ever enthusiastically fond of music: Handel was his grand favorite; and to evince his gratitude for the pleasure he had received from his sublime works, he projected that grand national tribute to his memory, called the commemoration of Handel, performed in Westminster-Abbey.

Our late venerable sovereign was patron and father of the Royal Society, being the oldest

member belonging to it. During the whole course of his long reign, he shewed a marked attention to that learned body, by placing at their disposal considerable sums of money towards the promotion of science, particularly in 1760 and 1769, for observing the transit of Venus in various parts of the globe.

A few years before he was afflicted with blindness, he held a conversation with a gentleman of extensive literary connexions, and the subject on which the discourse turned was the History of England. The king observed that he had long wished to see such a work properly executed, and that he had mentioned it to several noblemen and others, with a view of getting some persons of eminent talents to engage in the undertaking. It had been proposed to Dr. Robertson, and likewise to lord Lyttleton; but neither of those writers appeared willing to embark in a concern of that magnitude, though all the assistance of government was freely offered, and would, beyond all doubt, have been amply granted, for the purpose of enabling the historian to complete his design in a manner highly creditable to himself, and serviceable to the country. At this time, his majesty stated the outline of his plan, which was to have all the materials printed, and manuscripts collected, and the extracts made with the greatest care, by persons employed at the public charge; and that from these collections, aided by all the help of our public libraries, with all the lights afforded by foreign writers, especially those in the northern parts of Europe, whose productions have been too heedlessly passed over, the historian should draw up his connected narrative, subject to the revision of different persons appointed to

compare his performances with the authorities he professed to have followed. He observed one day to a gentleman of high literary character, and of a distinguished political reputation, that oratory in this country was carried to a height far beyond its real use; and that the desire of excelling in this accomplishment, made many young men of genius neglect the more solid branches of knowledge. "I am sure," said his majesty, "that the rage for public speaking, and the extravagant length to which some of our most popular orators carry their harangues in parliament, is very detrimental to the national business, and I wish that in the end it may not prove injurious to the public peace."

HIS BENEVOLENCE.

SOME years ago, his majesty having heard that there was a prisoner in Dorchester jail for a debt of £100, who had been confined there for 12 years, made enquiry as to the fact; and finding it true, ordered payment of the debt and costs, on which the grateful and delighted prisoner was discharged.

At the York assizes, in 1803, the clerk to a mercantile house in Leeds, was tried on a charge of forgery, found guilty, and condemned to death. His family, at Halifax, was very respectable, and his father in particular bore an excellent character. Immediately after the sentence was passed on the unfortunate young man, Dr. Fawcett, of Heywood Hall, a dissenting minister of the Baptist persuasion, who had long been intimate with the father, presumed to address his majesty in a petition, soliciting the pardon of the son of his friend.

Fully aware that it had been almost an invariable rule with the government to grant no pardon in cases of forgery, he had little hope of success; but, contrary to his expectation, his petition prevailed, and a reprieve was granted. That the solicitation of a private individual should have succeeded, when similar applications, urged by numbers, and supported by great interest have uniformly failed, may excite surprize, and deserves particular attention. The following circumstances, however, the veracity of which may be relied upon, will fully sustain the singularity of the fact. In the year 1804, a dignified, divine preaching before the royal family, happened to quote a passage illustrating his subject from a living writer, whose name he did not mention. The king, who was always remarkably attentive, was struck with the quotation, and immediately noted the passage for inquiry. At the conclusion of the service, he asked the preacher from whom the extract had been taken, and being informed that the author was a dissenting minister in Yorkshire, he expressed a wish to have a copy of the original discourse. The royal inclination was accordingly imparted to the author, who lost no time in complying with it, accompanying the work with a very modest letter, expressive of the high sense which the writer entertained of the honor conferred upon him. His majesty was so well pleased with the production, as to signify his readiness to serve the author. The case of the above young man shortly after afforded this amiable and disinterested minister an opportunity of supplicating, at the hands of the monarch, the exercise of his royal prerogative.

When the king went to look at Salisbury Ca-

thedral, the tower of which was at that time under repair, he was without attendants, and his person was not at first recognised. Looking over the book of subscribers, he desired to be put down for £1000. "What name shall I write, Sir?" said the person present. "Oh! a gentleman of Berkshire," replied the king. Thus, by a noble simplicity, identifying himself with his subjects. A draft was then given for the money.

A respectable mechanic who had the honor and happiness to be personally known to his majesty, was, through affliction in his family, brought into great pecuniary straits. He was advised to present a petition to the king, stating his circumstances. He did so, and his majesty was pleased to appoint a certain hour on the next morning, when he was ordered to be in waiting. He went accordingly to the gate of the queen's lodge, but through diffidence did not ring for admittance. He lingered until the appointed time was past by a few minutes, when the king came out, with some attendants. He instantly observed the petitioner, and said rather sharply, "I desired you to be here precisely at such an hour, it is now five minutes past the time, you know that I am punctual." His majesty condescendingly turned back, saying, "Follow me." He proceeded through several rooms, into his private closet; and, having shut the door went to his desk, and took out a purse, and gave it to the applicant, and said, "Here is money to pay your debts, and a trifle for yourself." The humble petitioner overwhelmed with the king's goodness, dropped on his knees, and made a stammering effort to thank and bless his prince, but a flood of tears prevented him. His majesty instantly put forth his hand,

and with considerable emotion, exclaimed, "Get up, get up; thank God that I have it in my power to help an honest man."—*From the same.*

When this prince was very young, his father, then prince of Wales, employed one Goupy, an ingenious artist, to paint a picture. George was then in some disgrace, imprisoned behind a chair, which being observed by the painter, he solicited his liberty. "Come out, George," said his father, "Goupy has released you." Many years after this event, the prince having ascended the throne, and Goupy being aged and very poor, the latter put himself in the way of his majesty, as he was passing through Kensington. "How do you do, Goupy?" said the king, "What have you to live on?"—"Little enough," replied Goupy, "and, as I once liberated your majesty from confinement, I hope you will not let me go to prison." Upon this, his majesty allowed him a pension for the short remainder of his life.

M. de la Lande, the celebrated French astronomer, when in England, being introduced to the king, thanked him for the liberal patronage he had afforded to his favourite science, and received the following memorable answer: "Is it not far better than spending money for the purpose of *setting men to murder each other?*"

At a levee soon after the experiments on gunpowder had been made, I happened to be standing next to the duke of Richmond, then master-general of the ordnance, and the duke informed his majesty, that they were indebted to me for a great improvement in its fabrication. On my saying that I ought to be ashamed of myself, inasmuch as it was a scandal in a christian bishop to instruct men in the mode of destroying man-

kind, the king answered, "Let not that afflict your conscience, for the quicker the conflict, the less the slaughter," or in words to that effect. I mention this to do justice to the king, whose understanding it was the fashion to decry. In the conversations I had with him, he appeared to me not to be deficient in quickness or intelligence.—*Dr. Watson's Life.*

On one occasion, at breakfast, whilst the king was reading a newspaper, one of the young branches of the family, looking up in the queer face, said, "Mamma! I cannot think what prison is!" Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were often half starved for want, the child replied, "That is cruel, if the prison is bad enough without starving, but I will give all my allowance to buy bread for the poor prisoners." Due praise was given for the benevolent intention, which was directed to be put in force, together with an addition from the majesties.

When Margaret Nicholson, the maniac, was tempted to assassinate the king, as soon as she was seized, his majesty humanely cried out, "Do not hurt her; do not hurt her."

In the severe winter of 1784-5, his majesty, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk on foot, when he was met by two boys, the eldest not eight years of age, who, although ignorant that it was the king, fell upon their knees before him, and, wringing their little hands, prayed for relief. "The smallest relief," they cried, "for we are very hungry, and have nothing to eat. More they would have said, but a torrent of tears which gushed down their innocent cheeks, checked their utterance. The father of his people raised

the weeping supplicants, and encouraged them to proceed with their story. They did so, and related that their mother had been dead three days, and still lay unburied; that their father, whom they were also afraid of losing, was stretched by her side upon a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition, and that they had neither money, food, nor firing at home. This artless tale was more than sufficient to excite sympathy in the royal bosom. His majesty therefore ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and followed them until they reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother dead, apparently through the want of common necessities, and the father ready to perish also, but still encircling with his feeble arm the deceased partner of his woes, as if unwilling to survive her. The sensibility of the monarch betrayed itself in the tears which started from his eyes; and, leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened back to Windsor, related to the queen what he had witnessed, and sent an immediate supply of provisions, clothes, coals, and every thing necessary for the comfort of the helpless family. Revived by the bounty of his sovereign, the old man soon recovered, and the king, to finish the good work he had so gloriously begun, educated and provided for the children.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

The king's munificence was noble as it was discriminating: during his illness, in 1789, a committee was appointed to examine the state of the privy purse, when, out of an income of £60,000 per annum, it was found that his majesty never gave less than £14,000 a year in charity!

When the present king was a young man, and walking in company with his father in the neigh-

charity children of London, a sight which he had never beheld; and accordingly their attendance was ordered, to the number of 6,000.

The king, when on a hunting party, was separated from his attendants, and obliged to take shelter in a cottage, to avoid a sudden fall of rain. The inmates of the cottage were preparing their dinner, by roasting a joint of meat, hung by a string from the roof, as a substitute for a jack. His majesty, who was unknown, asked them what had become of their jack. "We have not money to buy one," was the answer. The king said nothing; but on his departure, two guineas were found on the chimney-piece, wrapt up in a paper, on which was written with a pencil—"To buy a jack."

On the resignation of the first Pitt, in 1761, the king displayed at once the firmness and benevolence of his nature. His majesty expressed concern at the loss of so able a minister; and, to shew the favourable sense he entertained of his services, gave him an unlimited offer of any rewards in the power of the crown to bestow; at the same time he avowed himself satisfied with the opinion which the majority of the council had pronounced against that of Mr. Pitt. The great minister was overpowered by the nobleness of this proceeding. "I confess, sire," he said, "I had but too much reason to expect your majesty's displeasure, I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness; pardon me, sire, it overpowers, it oppresses me." He burst into tears.

When George II. died, a large number of servants were discharged. The new king, George III. taking one of his early morning walks at the time, looked into a little cottage where a woman was en-

gaged in cleaning a grate, and he began talking to her about the change of affairs in the royal establishment. She, still cleaning the grate, and supposing the early visitor to be one of the royal servants, did not look up, but continued her chat: "Aye," said she, "I have seen better days than these, when the old king was alive, I did not clean grates then, I assure you, but now this young king has turned every thing topsy-turvy. I suppose *you* are one of those unfortunate persons who have reason to sorrow for the change; a'n't *you* turned out too?" The king did not wait for a reply, but sent immediate orders to reinstate the woman in her situation.

Lord Amherst when commander in chief, in the year 1781, one day carried his majesty a packet of military commissions to be signed; and the king first looking over the list, observed one appointed captain over an old lieutenant. "He cannot purchase," said his lordship: but something in the name struck the king, and before he signed the commissions he turned to one of many large folios, which were all in his own hand writing, and presently finding the name of the officer, with some memorandum of his private life very much to his credit, he immediately ordered him to be promoted to the vacant company.

In the year 1804, a court martial was held upon an officer of high rank, for striking a private. The officer was found guilty, and sentenced to receive a severe reprimand, of which his majesty most pointedly declared his approbation in the fullest extent, specifically directing, through the commander in chief, that the Judge Advocate's letter should express the sovereign's wish, that the lieutenant-colonel, in his zeal for the service, had conducted his command with more temper, than in some in-

stances he appeared to have done; and that it should also declare the king's high disapprobation of striking a soldier at any time, but more especially when under arms; although the blow, as in the case adduced in the evidence, might be inflicted without cruelty, or without any material hurt.

On one occasion, when their majesties were returning from London to Windsor in their post-chaise, on their being set down, a number of children surrounded the carriage to see the king and queen, amongst whom was a fine sturdy boy, who had that morning put on short clothes for the first time. His majesty, ever attentive even to the most humble, instantly fixed his eye on the cheerful countenance of the child, and asked him whose boy he was. "My father is the king's beef-eater," said the child, "Then," said the king, "down on your knee, and you shall have the honour to kiss the queen's hand." To which the boy boldly replied, "No! but I w'ont, though; because I shall dirt my new breeches!" This extempore, but uncourtly repartee, had such an effect upon their majesties, that they made the child a handsome present, and repeated the story afterwards as an excellent joke.

When a sheriff of London some years since announced a fund for the relief of the wives and children of prisoners, his majesty called him aside at the levee, and, after stating that he felt himself obliged by the sheriff's attention to his duty, in instituting such a fund, presented him with a fifty pound bank-note, desiring that it might be appropriated to the purposes of the fund, but requesting that his name, as that of the donor, might not be allowed to transpire.

In the year 1800, rendered memorable by

a general scarcity of provisions, the king caused an overshot mill to be erected, and worked by the waste water which falls from the lake below the lodge at Windsor Park; where a sufficiency of corn, two thirds wheat, and one third rye, was ground, dressed, and distributed to all the labouring poor at fourpence per stone of fourteen pounds, in quantities corresponding to the extent of their families.

After the outlawry of Daniel Isaac Eaton, the bookseller, he ventured to return incognito to this country; but, not daring to trust to the mercy of the Attorney General or the cabinet, he resolved to apply to majesty itself. Eaton was nearly of the same age with the king. His father had held some inferior situation in the prince of Wales's household, and Daniel had been, in some degree, a temporary playmate of the young heir presumptive. On this chance he ventured to rely; and accordingly took an opportunity of placing himself in the Court Yard, at Windsor, when his majesty was going to mount his horse on a hunting party. The king, whose recollection of individuals was most extraordinary, instantly recognized his quondam playfellow; but, without being aware that he was the prosecuted outlaw, until, in answer to his inquiries, Eaton informed him of his situation, and of the risk he then ran; when the benevolent monarch at once quieted his fears, exclaiming, "Never fear, never fear, I will talk to Pitt!"—and, in fact, in a few days the outlawry was reversed.

In the entrance of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, there is a neat marble slab fixed in the wall, with an inscription, couched in a few and simple words, but very nervously expressed, stat-

ing that it was put there as a monument to the worth and fidelity of a humble female *domestic*, by her *grateful* master and sovereign George the Third. A similar proof of royal condescension and sensibility, is not to be found in any repository of the dead throughout Europe.

Previous to General Clinton's return to America, in April 1777, he demanded a formal audience of the king, and particularly requested that his letter on the affair at Charles Town should be published in the Gazette, unmutilated. His majesty answered, "Clinton, you would injure yourself in appealing from the crown to the people. I am perfectly satisfied with your conduct. Why are you so solicitous about what the multitude think of you? If you are right, twenty to one but they condemn you." Gen. Clinton. "But my honor, sire, appears."—King. "Leave your honor to me; it will be in as good hands as if with the people." Gen. Clinton. "Your majesty shall be obeyed. If you, sire, are satisfied, I shall always be happy."

HIS LIBERALITY IN RELIGION.

THE following Windsor anecdote was told me by the late Dr. Heberden. The clergyman there, on a day when the Athanasian creed was to be read, began with "Whosoever will be saved, &c." The king, who usually responded with a loud voice, was silent; the minister repeated in a higher tone his "whosoever;" the king continued silent. At length the Apostle's creed was repeated by the minister, and the king followed him throughout, with a distinct and audible voice.—*Bishop Watson's Life.*

The king was one day passing in his carriage, through a place near one of the royal palaces, when the rabble was gathered together to interrupt the worship of the dissenters. His majesty stopped to know the cause of the hubbub; and being answered it was only an affair between the townspeople and the methodists, he replied, loud enough to be heard by many, "The methodists are a quiet, good kind of people, and will disturb nobody; and if I can learn, that any persons in my employ disturb them, they shall be immediately dismissed." The king's *most gracious speech* was speedily recapitulated through the whole town, and persecution has not dared to lift its head there since that period.—*Cobbin's French Preacher.*

With a view to raise an old domestic to a more lucrative situation, his majesty removed him from London to Windsor; but after some weeks, observing that the man did not appear so cheerful as usual, he very condescendingly enquired if he were in good health: to which the servant replied, that he was. Some time afterwards, his majesty still perceiving that he appeared unhappy, and being again informed that he was in good health, insisted on being made acquainted with the cause of his distress; when the man, who was a member of one of the Scottish churches in London, reluctantly told the king, that he was removed from his religious privileges, and that he could not enjoy them at Windsor, (as then circumstanced) and begged to be sent back to his former situation, that he might be restored to them. To this the king graciously assented, and it took place.—*The same.*

Some years ago, a bill was brought into the house of commons, by Mr. Michael Angelo

Taylor, which would have materially abridged the rights of dissenters; and it actually had gone through two readings without opposition, when it was stopped in its progress, by the liberal interference of the king himself: his majesty sent for Mr. Wyndham, who was then in administration, and said to him, "You may pass that bill through both houses as fast as you please, but I will never sign it," adding these emphatic words, "There shall be no persecution in my reign." The bill was withdrawn, and no more was heard of it: this is a well-confirmed fact.

An under gardener, with whom the king was accustomed familiarly to converse, was missed one day by his majesty, who enquired of the head gardener where he was. "Please your majesty," said the gardener, "he is so very troublesome with his religion, and is always talking about it." "Is he dishonest," said the king? "does he neglect his work?" "No, your majesty, he is very honest, I have nothing to say against him for that." "Then send for him again," said the monarch, "why should he be turned off? Call me *Defender of the Faith!* DEFENDER OF THE FAITH! and turn away a man for his religion?" The king had learnt from this good man, that the place of worship where he attended was supported by voluntary contributions, and was in the habit of giving him a guinea for the quarterly collection.

It is well known that his majesty was always partial to the employment, in his service, of sober and religious persons, with whom he would frequently converse on various topics, to elicit information. On one occasion, seeing a young female domestic in tears, he catechised her on the cause, and finding her grief arose from being prohibited

by a superior from going to a dissenting meeting in the neighbourhood, his majesty called that superior, and reproved her sharply, declaring *he would suffer no persecution during his reign.*

The king one day conversing with one of his tradesmen, whom he knew to be a Presbyterian, asked him, "Does your parson ever pray for me?" "In good truth he does, your majesty," (replied the Scotchman) "and from his very heart too."—"I dare say he does; I dare say he does;" rejoined the king, "for you know he is not paid for it."

When the king was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen, who was a pious character, was particularly noticed by his majesty, and he often held conversations with him of some length upon serious subjects. One Monday morning, the king went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing this man in his customary place, enquired the reason of his absence. He was answered evasively, and, for some time, the other workmen avoided telling his majesty the truth; at last, however, upon being more strictly interrogated, they acknowledged that not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the following morning. This man alone had refused to comply, because he considered it a violation of the Christian sabbath; and, in consequence of what they called his obstinacy, he had been dismissed entirely from his employment. "Call him back immediately," exclaimed the good king, "the man who refused doing his ordinary work on the Lord's day, IS THE MAN FOR ME. Let him be sent for." The man was

accordingly replaced, and the king ever afterwards showed him particular favour.

Lord Mansfield, on making a report to the king of the conviction of Mr. Malowny, a Catholic priest, who was found guilty, in the county of Surry, of celebrating mass, was induced, by a sense of reason and humanity, to represent to his majesty the excessive severity of the penalties which the law imposed for the offence. The king, in a tone of the most heartfelt benignity, immediately answered, "God forbid, my lord, that religious differences in opinion should sanction persecution, or admit of one man within the realms suffering unjustly; issue a pardon immediately for Mr. Malowny, and see that he is at liberty."

The late king was in the habit of speaking to his domestics in the most condescending manner. On one occasion, when he was going to Windsor, he met a female of his establishment, and as his servants were generally much pleased with the accommodations at the castle, he good humouredly saluted her with a congratulation, including the question if she was not glad they were going. To which she ventured to reply, "Indeed, your majesty, I am not. In my view the gospel is better preached at Windsor, and I can get no food for my soul." "Then you shall not go," said the king. Some time after his majesty spoke to her again, "You may go to Windsor now," said the workman monarch, "for you can get food for your soul." His majesty had discovered that some plain people met together there for worship, and had found out their principles, which he considered as congenial with those of his pious servant. The

sult proved that he was right, and the good woman was satisfied.

When a Bible Society was formed at Windsor, his majesty had the names of the committee presented to him, which consisted among others of various clergymen; but the name of Mr. R. the Independent minister, being omitted, he keenly enquired the reason, and desired that the name of *that good man* might instantly be added.

There was an inferior servant in the late king's family, some years ago, who was truly pious, and could not join the other servants in their festivities of singing and dancing, and playing at cards; and their dislike to her had influenced a superior to dismiss her at a very short notice, paying her a month's wages. She had packed her things ready to depart, and was coming down stairs with her trunk and a bundle, when she was met by the king, who asked her where she was going with them; she informed his majesty that she had been dismissed the service. He asked what she had done to occasion her quitting: to which she replied, that she could not conscientiously join the other servants in their entertainments, in consequence of which it was considered, that she marred their comforts, and she was discharged. His majesty said no one should be so discharged, who had done no wrong: he enquired into the case, and re-instated her.

The king observing one of his female servants to be depressed in her spirits, enquired of her if she was ill; and from her replies judging that her sadness was of a spiritual nature, said to her, "There's my carpenter, Mr. West, a good plain preacher, near; go and hear him; perhaps you will understand him better than some more learned

man." She followed her royal master's advice and she afterwards thanked his majesty for his recommendation, having received great benefit from the ministry of Mr. West. Mr. West was a carpenter to the Board of Works.

The king's anxiety for the prosperity of the established church was great, yet he was far from being displeased when he saw persons of other persuasions, propagating zealously what they believed conscientiously. His displeasure, however, he could not conceal, when he saw men who professed to believe, acting as though they believed not. At the time that the preaching of John Wesley was making so much noise in the country, a certain courtly bishop was animadverting on the circumstance to his majesty, and concluded a doleful exposition of the dangerous consequences to the mother church, by asking what was to be done. The king smartly replied, "Make a bishop of him, my Lord, and then I warrant you he will preach seldom enough."

His majesty was firm in his attachment to what is usually designated the orthodox creed: the doctrine of the trinity, the deity and atonement of Christ, and the work of the spirit, appeared to him so essential to christianity, that the persons who opposed these sentiments were not seen by him in a favourable light. In one of his majesty's Polish excursions, the Rev. Joseph Wilkins joined the royal party. This gentleman was a collector of the curious productions of nature, many of which he shewed to his majesty and the royal family, and with which they all expressed themselves highly gratified. Upon Mr. Wilkins retiring, his majesty enquired the name of the gentleman who had afforded them so much entertainment.

ment. It was replied, that it was Mr. Wilkins, the Dissenting minister of Weymouth. "The dissenting minister of Weymouth!" said the king, "I hope he is not one of Dr. Priestley's sort:" and being informed that he was not, the king added, "Then it is all very well."—*Dr. Cracknell.*

His majesty not only observed the christian sabbath day, by attending regularly the house of God on that day, but he encouraged its sanctification through his household. In confirmation of this statement, permit me to relate an anecdote of Mr. Gray. Mr. Gray resided in the palace from the time of his majesty's accession, to the period of his death, which happened in 1801. He was an ingenious mechanic; and, under the immediate eye of the king, many alterations were from time to time effected in different apartments of the royal residence. A principal in attendance upon the person of his majesty, said to Mr. Gray on a Sunday, "I wish you to have a bedstead removed from such a room," naming it, "to such a room:" "My lord," said Gray, "I never do any thing of that kind on a Sunday; I would do it for no one except his majesty commanded it; and in saying that, my lord, I run no risk, for I am persuaded the king will not order it to be done." The refusal gave offence, and was followed by a report of the transaction to the king; the king said to his lordship, (as he afterwards informed Gray) "Gray is a man that fears God, and sooner than require him to make such alterations on a Sunday, I would sleep without a bedstead."*—*The same.*

* These circumstances were related to me by the late W. Forsyth, Esq. F. A. S. and F. S. A. gardener

When in the church of God, his majesty's whole deportment was characterized by gravity, reverence, and devotion; nor was his majesty a mean judge of pulpit compositions. If the sermon were either political or panegyrical, it never received expressions of his majesty's approbation. In the judgment of the king, that sermon was the best which united the doctrines and duties of christianity, which exhibited them in their mutual relation, and enforced their influence strenuously on the head, the heart, and the life. But on this head I will introduce his majesty's own observations on the sermons and lives of the clergy. "I," said the king to the late rector of Weymouth, "I do not like mere moral preaching, it is my wish to have the gospel in the sermons, and morals in the lives of the clergy, as this would be the most effectual method of holding forth the word of life in the church and the world."* As preachers, the late bishops of London, Lowth and Porteus, were held in the highest estimation by his majesty. I recollect hearing the king name Sir Isaac New-

to his majesty at Kensington and St. James's, in the presence of Mr. Gray, who at this time was visited with his last sickness. His majesty also was indisposed at the same time; and I firmly believe that his majesty's illness in connexion with his own, accelerated his departure to the joy of his Lord. The attachment of his majesty's domestics to their king and master, more than equalled filial affection in its ordinary operation. This conveys more than a volume of encomiums pronounced by a panegyrist.

* This communication I had from my friend, the late Dr. Byam, the rector of Weymouth at that time, and afterwards one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary.

ton as "the glory of Cambridge," when he immediately added, "and Lowth the glory of Oxford."

* The king lived for some time at Buckingham House. One of the female domestics was accustomed to attend divine worship at Surry Chapel, for which she was much persecuted by her fellow servants; they said she was so methodistical, that it was quite miserable to live with her. At length they contrived to get from the queen an order for her dismissal. She appealed to the king, who having made enquiries respecting her, directed that she should be retained in the service, and that any one who persecuted her should be dismissed: he added, that he was sure Rowland Hill was a good man, and he wished more of them went to hear him.—*Cramp's Sermon.*

HIS PIETY.

IT is certain that his majesty received a religious as well as a literary education, under Dr. Ayscough, who gives this character of his pupil, before he was six years old, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge; "I thank God, I have one great encouragement to quicken me in my duty, which is the *good disposition* of the children entrusted to me: as an instance of it, I must tell you, that prince George, to his honour and my shame, had learnt several pages in your little book of verses, without any directions from me." The little book referred to, was Doddridge's tract, "The Principles of the Christian Religion, in verse," a work of very humble, but pious character.

At the king's coronation, after the anointing was over in the Abbey, and the crown put upon his head, with great shouting, the two archbishops came to hand him down from the throne to receive the sacrament. He told them he would not go to the Lord's Supper, and partake of that ordinance, with the crown upon his head; for he looked upon himself, when appearing before the King of kings, in no other character than in that of a humble christian. These were his very words. The bishops replied, that although there was no precedent for this, it should be complied with. Immediately he put off his crown, and laid it aside: he then desired that the same should be done with respect to the queen. It was answered, that her crown was so pinned on her head, that it could not be easily taken off; to which the king replied, "Well, let it be reckoned a part of her dress; and in no other light."—When I saw and heard this, it warmed my heart towards him; and I could not help thinking, that there would be something good found about him towards the Lord God of Israel.—*Letter of Mr. Strachan, one of the Scottish Heralds, to Mr. Wallace of Edinburgh, dated Sept. 23, 1762.*

After his majesty retired to rest, on the night of the coronation, he composed a prayer, supplicating the blessing of God on his future reign, which was found written on a piece of paper in his room the next morning.

When his majesty came to the crown, his speech from the throne was worthy of the sovereign of a free people:—"The civil and religious rights of my loving subjects," said the monarch, "are equally dear to me, with the most valuable prerogatives of my crown; and as the surest

foundation of the whole, and the best means to draw down the divine favour upon my reign, it is my fixed purpose to countenance and encourage the practice of true religion and virtue." In consonance with this declaration, his majesty soon after issued a proclamation against vice, among the high and the low; and his public regard to the rights of conscience, as well as the whole tenor of his private conduct, were an illustrious practical comment on his speech during the whole of his life.

An instance of the judgment, as well of the piety of the prince, is observable in his admiration of Dr. Leland's very able *View of Deistical Writers*, of which, on its first appearance, he purchased copies to the value of £100, for gratuitous distribution.

Nichols, Potter, and T. Wilson, of Westminster, preaching one after another, bedaubed the king, who, as Lord Mansfield tells me, expressed his offence publicly, by saying, that he came to chapel to hear the praises of *God*, and not his *own*.—*Warburton's Letters*.

In 1773, Dr. Beattie was introduced to the king and queen at Kew, by Dr. Majendie, and was highly complimented on his "*Essay on Truth*." "I never stole but one book," said the king, "and that was yours: I stole it from the queen to give it Lord Hertford to read." He enquired for the second part, not then published, and commended the caution with which the former was written, and its reasonings in favour of the christian religion. The conversation then turned on the Quakers, and both their majesties also commended their mildness and moderation. His majesty then asked Dr. B. what he thought of his new acquaint-

ance, Lord Dartmouth. Dr. B. thought him one of the best and most amiable of men. "They say Lord D. is an enthusiast," observed the king; "but surely he says nothing but what every christian ought to say."

The subject turned to the Scots Universities, and the Scots clergy, whose long prayers he had heard led them into many repetitions; which fault he observed also in the English Liturgy; but he highly commended the style and spirit of the latter. "Observe," said his majesty, "how flat those occasional prayers are which are now composed, in comparison with the old ones." The next topic was the state of education in Scotland, with some enquiries as to Scots writers. The conversation lasted above an hour, when the king took out his watch, and found it dinner time; this the visitors took as a signal to withdraw. Dr. B. thanking his majesty for the honour conferred on him, by this familiar conversation, the king replied, "I could do no less for a man, who has done so much for the cause of christianity."

His majesty's conversation with Joseph Lancaster is well known, but his noble declaration in favour of instructing the poor, cannot be too often repeated—*he hoped the day would come, when every poor child in his kingdom should be taught to read his Bible.*

The works of the late Rev. John Newton were introduced to the notice of our late-revered and beloved sovereign, by the late earl of Dartmouth; and the high estimation in which his majesty held them was communicated by the same nobleman to that worthy minister, who, in his usual way, said, "Who would have thought that I should ever preach to majesty!"

The sermons of Dr. Barrow constituted the favourite theological work of our late excellent sovereign, who made it a rule to read a portion of them regularly in his family every Sunday evening. Sometimes his majesty would, with a pencil mark the divisions of the sermon he intended to read, and thus the entire collection with little variation lasted the year round.

It was his majesty's constant practice to devote one hour in the early part of the morning, to *reading the scriptures and to closet prayer.*

The king had heard of a poor man at Windsor, who had occasionally a prayer meeting at his house. He one day disguised himself, and went to the door to enquire of the man into the nature of the meetings, and to ask permission to attend. The poor man, not knowing the illustrious individual with whom he was conversing, supposed him to be a person labouring under a concern about his immortal interests, and asked him to walk in; he then conversed with him on the great subjects of religion, with which the apparent stranger was much pleased, and, expressing his gratitude, asked if he might be permitted to come again; this proposition was agreed to, and he afterwards paid the man another visit, when the concerns of his soul and of eternity again occupied his attention. These visits were repeated, until one day while the king was there, one of his attendants came to the door with a loud rap, which brought the poor man to the door, when he was surprized on being asked, if his majesty was there? to which the man innocently replied no; on going in he informed his strange visitor of the singular enquiry that had been made; on this, his majesty explained the whole affair, thanked the

good man for his kind attention and advice; and told him that as he was found out, he could no more enjoy his company, but must bid him farewell. His majesty's regrets on this occasion were extremely great, as he derived much pleasure from the simple and familiar piety of the poor man.

A minister of the gospel was some time since introduced into a valuable library, belonging to his royal highness the duke of Sussex. On taking down a handsome volume of Matthew Henry's commentary, he made some remarks on the work, when the royal duke said, "If you were to see a copy of this work which belongs to my venerable father, you would see the whole of the margin filled throughout, with notes and remarks in his majesty's own hand-writing;" adding, "His majesty has read through the five folio volumes three times."

After recovering from a severe affliction, his majesty said, that he did not recollect a period in the whole of his affliction in which he was not enabled to lift his heart unto God.

When the death of one of the younger princes was announced to him, (which occurred while he was reading a sermon alone to the family on a sabbath evening,) he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." After a short pause, he continued the exercise of reading aloud, and finished the sermon.

This passage of scripture was feelingly quoted by his majesty upon another occasion. After coming out of his illness in 1789, he met Mr. Chapman, one of his gardeners, in the garden of one of the palaces, and enquired familiarly

after his health; Mr. C. answered, "I am very well, thank your majesty, considering my late affliction." What affliction is that said the king. Mr. C. informed him, that he had lately lost an only child. "Well," replied the king, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord. Think what is your affliction compared with mine."

His majesty entertained a great partiality for paintings, especially those which embraced scripture subjects. It is said to have been the king who first suggested to that eminent artist Mr. West, the professional study of the scripture history, and desired him to bring his drawings to the palace for his inspection. Mr. West did so; and, coming at a time when the sovereign had with him some dignified clergy of the highest order, the company were all gratified with the sketches, and particularly with their accordancy with the sacred text; affording proof of the painter's acquaintance with the scriptures. "And do you know how that was?" said his majesty to the prelate, who made the remark. "Not exactly your majesty." "Why, my lord, I will tell you, Mr. West's parents were Quakers, and they teach their children to read the bible very young—I wish that was more the case with you, my lord."

An architect, who was a serious man, having some business with his late majesty, attended at one of his palaces, and was shewn into a room where a nobleman afterwards came, who used much impious and blasphemous language, for which the gentleman felt it his duty to rebuke him. This threw the peer into a great rage, and occasioned such a noise, that the king came into the room, to enquire the cause of it; when the

nobleman informed him that he had been insulted by the other person; but, upon the architect complaining, that he only rebuked him for prophane-ness and blasphemy, his majesty said he had no approbation for what he had done, as he did not allow blasphemy in his dwelling. He afterwards desired the architect to sit down, to forget his royalty, and freely to tell him the ground of his hope of salvation, which he stated to be the sacrifice and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The king said *that* also, was the ground of his dependence.

On one occasion the king was engaged in conversation with a pious man, on the subject of religion, which, after some persuasion from the king, he defined in a very clear and evangelical manner. A bishop happened to be present, whose preaching was entirely of a moral cast, but he pointed to a Saviour, to whom his majesty gave this reproof; "There, my lord, you never use these things."

It is well known that his majesty was in the habit of reading sermons and other books, on religious subjects, in the private circle of the royal family. The daily constancy with which the late king attended morning prayers in his domestic chapel, at half past eight o'clock, and the fervency and marked propriety with which he united in the service, have excited the admiration of all who heard him.—*Redford's Sermons*

The late king had a method of stooping to his inferiors, without sinking his own dignity or suffering improper liberties; and he was gratified in employing religious persons, with regard to their peculiarities. He frequently, on a Monday, would enquire where they had

tended worship on the preceding day. His late coachman, Mr. Saunders, was a hearer at the Lock, and of the Rev. Mr. Romaine, of whom he would enquire what texts had been preached from, and particularly how they were treated; and has often expressed his approbation, and said that it was better divinity than was to be heard in some places.—This good coachman, after the establishment of the Religious Tract Society, used to get the tracts as published, and put them in the coach under the cushion, leaving a corner visible, sufficient to invite the king's attention, these tracts were afterwards found regularly put away and indorsed, which leaves no doubt but that they had been regularly perused.

On passing one evening through the apartments of the palace, the king observed a faithful and greatly respected domestic remaining at home, when the rest of his household were gone to the theatre. "How happens it," said he, "that you are not gone to the play with the rest? Now tell me the reasons for your always absenting yourself from these places of amusement." The domestic replied, "May it please your majesty, I should not wish to be found in a play-house when God shall call me out of this world." The king was much pleased and impressed with the answer, and observed, "You are right, right, perfectly right; I understand your meaning."

His majesty's anxiety for the welfare and health of his children, was exemplified on another occasion, in the following interesting manner. Soon after the young princes went abroad, he was talking jocosely with a Scottish lady, about her native country. On a sudden, she observed that he became absorbed in thought; and supposing him

reflecting upon something that had been said in conversation, remarked, "Your majesty I presume, is thinking of *my country*." He paused a few moments; and dropping a tear, said, "I was intreating God to protect and bless my dear boys."

The Earl of Onslow, in giving a statement of the affair in St. James' park, in 1795, in which the king's life was in great danger, and a shot was fired through the coach, which broke the glass, has taken particular notice of the king's composure in reading his speech on that occasion in the House of Lords, to which he was going, and his deportment after the event was known. "Afterwards, in getting into the coach," says the earl, "the first words he said were, 'Well, my Lord, one person is *proposing* this, and another is *suspecting* that, forgetting that there is one above all, who *disposes* of every thing, and on whom alone we can depend.' The magnanimity, piety, and good sense of this," adds the earl, "struck me most forcibly, and I shall never forget the word."

On the Lord's day, the king never failed, when at Windsor, if his health permitted, to attend public worship in St. George's chapel. But his majestic pious disposition and regard to the Sabbath, discovered themselves in the regulation of his general conduct, as well as in the particulars above mentioned. The following brief anecdote may serve as a proof of this: When, in consequence of the ill-health of the late most amiable and lamented princess Amelia, it was judged expedient that her royal highness should be removed from Windsor to Weymouth, the king, in giving his commands to an eminent physician, to whom the care of the princess was committed, on the

arduous occasion, said, "It will be necessary that you travel slowly, and by short stages, and it is my particular desire, that you do not journey on the Sunday." Surely it is devoutly to be wished, that this pious desire were generally complied with by all his majesty's subjects, so far, at least, as absolute necessity will permit.

It has been stated by those who had opportunities of knowing, that of the few books which the king had read, the bible was constantly on his table in his closet, and the commentary which he selected for his private reading, was Matthew Henry's exposition. A pious female servant, whose office it was to arrange the library room, has been often heard to say, "I love to follow my master in his reading of the scriptures, and to observe the passages he turns down." "I wish every body made the bible as much a daily study as my good master does."

This habitually pious state of the late king's mind may be still further illustrated by an anecdote which I have received from the very best authority. His Majesty was one day looking at the plate which had been recently brought him from Hanover; and observing one of the articles with the arms of the electorate engraved upon it, he said to the domestic who attended him, "This belonged to king George the second, I know it by the Latin inscription," which he read, adding "in English, it is *I trust in my sword*." "This," said he, "I always disliked, for, had I nothing to trust in but the sword, I well know what would be the result: therefore when I came to the crown, I altered it; my motto is, *I trust in the truth of the Christian religion*," reading it first

in the Latin, and then in English. He then in his usual condescension said, "which of the inscriptions do you like best?" the attendant replied, "Your majesty's is infinitely preferable to the other." He said, "I ever thought so, and shall think so: for therein is my trust and confidence." He continued, "Think you it possible for any one to be happy and contented within himself, who has not that confidence? I know there are those who affect to be so while living in a state of infidelity, but that is affectation, it is only the *semblance* of happiness; the thing itself is impossible." The last sentence the king uttered with so much pious fervor that an involuntary tear dropped from his eye, the attendant could not refrain from deeply sympathizing in the tender and devout emotion he discovered.

A minister said he had some years since been at Windsor, for the purpose of seeing the king, the only opportunity afforded for that was when he attended morning prayer in chapel; on which occasion it was remarkable that his majesty though blind and unconscious of his observations on his conduct, appeared deeply solemnly dejected with the engagement, and in directing his prayers to the King of kings, Lord of lords, did not forget, amidst the pomp of his own station, that he was only an insignificant and unworthy creature in the sight of God.

His late majesty, while the Catholic question was under consideration, being very much influenced by one of his ministers of the Whig addition, to assent to the total removal of the restrictions under which the Papists lie, with gr

ness replied, "My Lord, if it will be for the good of my people, I will descend to live in a humble cottage; if it will be for the good of the country, I will lay my head upon the block; but I cannot forswear myself, by going contrary to the oath I took at my coronation."

His majesty was one day walking with a certain nobleman, when the latter stopped to look at a tablet, on which was an inscription that was peculiarly offensive to the king, probably because it contained something of an immoral tendency. On the nobleman's asking some questions respecting it, instead of giving a direct reply, his majesty said, "Do not trouble yourself about that; my motto is, 'Jésus Christ died to save sinners.—God over all, blessed for ever more.'—*Cramp's Sermon.*

It is well known, that his late majesty's last unhappy relapse, was brought on by some affecting circumstances attending the death of his amiable daughter, the princess Amelia, whom he visited in her last illness; and, in his conversations with her, discovered not only the tenderness of a father, but that knowledge of the scriptures and of divine things, which would have done honour to the highest ecclesiastic in the established church. Those who witnessed his conversation were as much astonished as gratified, to hear the great truths of the protestant religion explained with so much piety and judgment, by the greatest personage in the country, while they lamented that the affectionate feelings his majesty indulged were so fatal to his health and happiness. Intervals have however occurred in his disease, in which it has appeared, that his strong sense of religion was habitual, and interrupted only by his disorder. In the summer of 1814, the queen hearing of these lu-

cid intervals, desired to be informed at the moment of their occurrence. During one of these, she entered the room, while his majesty was singing a hymn, and accompanying it on his harpsichord. When he had concluded it, he knelt down, and prayed aloud for her majesty, for his family, for the nation, and lastly for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity, or, if not, to give him resignation under it. His feelings now overwhelmed him—he burst into tears, —and his reason again fled.

His late majesty, it was well known, was very frequent in his visits to his daughter, the princess Amelia ; and, with great affection, he conversed with her royal highness, in reference to her dissolution, which appeared to be drawing nigh. On one occasion, he aimed to impress her mind with the truth, that, however exalted their rank amongst men, in the sight of God they were upon an equality with the meanest ; and as sinners they must be saved as others, “ which,” he added “ must be through the cleansing of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by his righteousness.” A friend calling upon his royal highness the Duke of Kent, found him with his bible before him, in which he observed he had marked several passages ; upon which he remarked to H. R. H. that he was an attentive reader of the scriptures : the duke replied, “ What would you say, if you were to see my father’s bible ?”

After his majesty was visited with the distressing calamity of blindness, some of his attendants were conducting him along one of the passages in the castle, when he heard a person moving at one side to stand up out of the way. The king immediately enquired who was there, and

was answered by the person. He instantly recognized the voice; and calling the individual by name, said, "I am quite blind." The person could not refrain from tears, and replied, "I am exceedingly sorry, please your majesty;" "But," rejoined the pious monarch, "I am quite resigned; for what have we to do in this world but to suffer, and to perform the will of the Almighty."

An Evangelical Clergyman visiting the late princess Charlotte, at Claremont, her royal highness said to him, "Sir, you are a clergyman, will you have the goodness to give me an answer to a question which I wish to propose to you?" The clergyman replied, "Most readily shall I answer any question your royal highness shall please to put to me." "Then, sir," said the princess, "which is the way a sinner can be saved." The clergyman then modestly said, that her royal highness must be informed upon that subject, and had frequent opportunities of knowing the opinions of eminent persons respecting it. Her royal highness said, she put the same question to every clergyman, and their opinions being at variance, she requested to have his. He then replied, "Through faith in the sacrifice and work of the Lord Jesus Christ." Her royal highness then observed, "That is what my grandfather told me, he said 'faith in Christ was every thing in religion.'"

The king had a strong presentiment of his growing malady some time before it happened. Four or five evenings previous to his being taken ill, after a private concert, his majesty went up to Dr. Ayrton, and laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder, with his usual benignity, "I fear, sir," said he "I shall not long be able to hear

music : it seems to affect my head ; and it is with difficulty I bear it :” then turning round, he softly ejaculated, “ Alas ! the best of us are but frail mortals.”

It is said that his late majesty, during his long confinement, was sometimes heard offering up to God the most correct extemporary prayer, and that, on one occasion, when he had his lunch taken in, consisting of bread and wine, he ordered his attendants to withdraw, who, retiring to one corner of the room, witnessed the devout scene, of his majesty administering the sacrament to himself.

The princess of Hesse Hombourg, about three years after the commencement of his majesty’s malady, wrote a letter to a lady in Suffolk who had formerly been her governess, in which the following sentiments were expressed : “ If any thing can make us more easy under the calamity which it has pleased heaven to inflict on us, it is the apparent happiness that my revered father seems to feel. He considers himself no longer an inhabitant of this world, and often, when he has played one of his favourite tunes, observes that he was very fond of it when he was in the world. He speaks of the queen and all his family, and hopes they are doing well now, for he loved them very much when he was with them.”

His majesty in his own prayer-book, erased the words *His most gracious majesty*, in the place in which he is prayed for under that title, and substituted the words, *a sinner*.

On being solicited, in his latter years, to go to one of the theatres on a particular occasion, his majesty condescended to ask a pious and aged female servant in his establishment what she

thought upon the subject, and then before he could receive an answer, he said, "They tell me that many persons will suffer greatly in their circumstances from my absenting myself: what can I do? I really ought to be thinking about other things in my old age."

On Lord Eldon's being appointed Lord Chancellor, his majesty presented him with a curious watch and a seal. On the seal are emblematical figures of religion and justice. When the king put it into his Lordship's hand he pointed out to him the latter figure, observing, that he might perceive one singularity in it, the figure of justice being generally blinded; but he had removed the bandage, for he was of opinion that *justice should never be blind*. He then added, "My lord, I present this to you, hoping that all your decisions will be guided by *religion* and *justice*."

It is stated, by those who were well acquainted with the facts of the case, that his majesty's disorder in 1801, was occasioned by his regularly frequenting his private chapel, at a period when he was labouring under a severe cold.

During his long confinement in mental darkness at Windsor Castle, in one of those lucid intervals, when a ray of light appeared in his rational faculties, the person who attended his majesty had, according to the usual custom, provided refreshment for the king, and placed it where he might feel for it, and take it as on former occasions; the king hearing nothing in the room, and supposing no one was present, speaks to himself to this effect: "Although I am deprived of my sight, and am shut out from the society of my beloved family, yet I can approach my blessed Lord; and then devoutly kneeling, he offers up a short

prayer to God, imploring his grace and mercy; at the same time he says, "Though I have no chaplain near to give me the holy sacrament, I will take it." He then takes a small portion of bread, and repeats the words used in the communion service of the Church of England, *viz.* "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for me, preserve my body and soul unto everlasting life. I take this, and eat it, in remembrance that Christ died for me, and feed on him with my heart by faith, with thanksgiving." In the same manner he took the wine, saying, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for me, and I am thankful;" and concluded with a short prayer. During this interesting scene, the gentleman whose turn it was to attend the royal personage, was deeply affected with this solemn sight, and by some means made a little noise. The king calls out in his usual quick way, "Who is there, who is there?" The person says, "It is I," (mentioning his name) at which the king seemed glad that no other person was present.

In his attendance on divine worship, his majesty was always distinguished for the singular earnestness and fervour with which he joined in the devotional exercises. A gentleman who was present one morning in the private chapel at Windsor, about a year before his majesty's last illness commenced, gives the following touching picture of the scene he witnessed on this occasion. "As soon as the clock struck eight, the gates of the castle were thrown open, and he was conducted to the private chapel by an attendant, who left him there alone. Shortly after came the chaplain; he looked out the lessons, he then sat down a few minutes, when a pair of folding

doors opened, and his majesty, led by two attendants, came in, followed by two of the princesses and lady Albinia Cumberland. After his majesty had been conducted to his chair, service began, when his majesty acted as clerk through every prayer in the most audible manner. At the petition, "Give peace in our time, O Lord;" his majesty with up-lifted hands repeated, "Because there is none other fighteth for us." He then added with the strongest emphasis, "But only thou, O God!" His majesty followed the chaplain through the psalms, nearly as correctly as if he had possessed his eye-sight, and had a book before him.

Towards the end of the month of January, 1805, at a time when he was much occupied in the preparation for the installation of the Knights of the Garter, destined to take place on the approaching 23d of April; and, while conversing on the subject with some persons of high rank at Windsor, one of them, a nobleman deservedly distinguished by his favour, said, "Sir, are not the new knights now meant to be installed, obliged to take the sacrament before the ceremony?" Nothing could assuredly have been farther from his idea or intention, than to have asked the question in a manner capable of implying any levity or irreverence; nevertheless his majesty instantly changed countenance, and assuming a severe look, after a moment or two of pause, "No," replied he, "that religious institution is not to be mixed with our profane ceremonies; even at the time of my coronation I was very unwilling to take the sacrament, but when they told me that I must receive it, before I approached the communion table, I took off the bauble from

my head.* The sacrament, my lord, is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions." The severity of the king's manner, while he pronounced these words, impressed all present, and suspended, for a short time, the conversation.

When first permitted to have an interview with her majesty, after his malady in 1789, it was but for a quarter of an hour. The scene, as may well be supposed, was extremely affecting. The queen bore it with uncommon firmness; but his majesty felt every visible mark of perturbation. When the stipulated period, the quarter of an hour, had expired, Dr. Willis put his majesty in mind of his royal promise, but to very little purpose, till he added, that as the room was rather cold, a longer continuance might injure her majesty's health. This instantly produced the intended effect, and he took his leave in the most affectionate manner.

WHEN his majesty was informed of the assassination of the king of Sweden, by Ankerstroem, he made particular enquiries of a diplomatic character, conversant with the circumstances, with a view to obtain an accurate knowledge of the particulars connected with the perpetration of that diabolical act. This gentleman, in giving the relation to his majesty, thought it necessary to introduce some cautionary observations on the danger of a sovereign exposing his

* Sir Nath. Wraxall's *Memoirs of his own Time*.

person too incautiously, in times when the revolutionary rage of France had already extended its contagion to all other countries. But here the king cut the speaker short, by saying, "Nay, Sir, I must differ from you there; for if there be any man so desperate as to devote his own life to the chance of taking away the life of another, no precaution is sufficient to prevent him altogether from making the attempt; while a system of constant precaution against such dangers, (as they are in a thousand instances to one wholly imaginary,) converts the life of a person who is so guarded, into a scene of perpetual restraint, anxiety, and apprehension. No, Sir; the best security that a man can have against such dangers, is to act openly and boldly as a man. If an attack be made upon him, his best chance of escaping is to meet it like a man; but if he should fall under it, why, Sir, he will fall like a man."

A dissenting minister was stopping a few days at Windsor, during one of his late majesty's visits to that place; he wished to see the king, and from that motive, amongst others, went to the chapel, where his majesty was attending divine service. During the time the prayers were being read, the dissenting minister having no book, the king kindly and condescendingly commanded that one might be passed to him.

A very bold caricature was one day shewn to his majesty, in which Warren Hastings was represented wheeling the king and the Lord Chancellor in a wheel-barrow for sale, and crying, "What a man buys he may sell." The inference intended was, that his majesty and lord Thurlow had used improper influence in favour of Hastings. The king smiled at the caricature, and observed,

"Well, this is something new; I have been in all sorts of carriages, but was never put into a wheel-barrow before."

Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, soon after he was connected with Mr. Watt, who was making such wonderful improvements in the steam engine, appeared at St. James's on a levee day. "Well, Mr. Bolton," said the king, "I am glad to see you. What new project have you got now?" "I am," said Mr. Bolton, "manufacturing a new article, that kings are very fond of." "Aye, aye, Mr. Bolton, what is that?" "It is power, and please your majesty." "Power! Mr. Bolton; we like power that is true; but what do you mean?" "Why, sire, I mean the power of steam to move machines." His majesty appeared pleased, and laughing, said, "Very good; go on, go on."

As his majesty rode through Tewkesbury, on his way to Cheltenham, the people stood upon the walls of the bridge to see him pass; on which the good monarch, observing the danger of the situation, humanely addressed them in these words: "My good people, I am afraid that some of you will fall. Do not run such hazards for the sake of seeing your king. I will ride as slowly as you please, that you may all see him."

One morning when his majesty was taking his usual walk alone, at Cheltenham, after drinking the water, he met a farmer in a great hurry. "So friend," said the king, "you seem to be very warm." "Yes, sir," said the man, "I came a long way, for I want to see the king." "Well, my friend," observed his majesty, "here is something to refresh you after your journey;" giving him a guinea. "But where, worthy sir," said the man, with much eagerness, "can I see the king?"

"Friend," replied the sovereign, "you see him before you."

Two Eton boys were spending their holiday with a friend at Sunning Hill, and had wandered into the forest, where they met a fresh looking old gentleman in the Windsor uniform, who stopped them, and jestingly asked if they were playing the truant? They gave an account of themselves, and said they had come to see the king's stag-hounds throw off. "The king does not hunt to day," said the kind stranger, "but when he does I will let you know; and you must not come by yourselves, lest you meet with some accident." They parted; and two or three days after, while the family at Sunning Hill were at breakfast, one of the royal yeoman prickers rode up to the gate, to acquaint them that the king was waiting till he brought the two young gentlemen to a place of safety, where they might see the hounds throw off.

In the second year of his reign, his majesty granted a pension to Dr. Johnson, of £300 a year, it having been represented to his majesty that he was a very learned and good man, without any certain provision. The Earl of Bute, then prime minister, announced this instance of his sovereign's bounty to the doctor; who, it is said, felt some hesitation in accepting it, after the definitions he had given in his dictionary of *pension* and *pensioners*. Lord Bute, at the time of presenting him with it, expressly said to him, "It is not given you for any thing you are to do, but for what you have done."

Topography was one of his majesty's favourite studies. He copied every capital chart, took the models of all the celebrated fortifications, knew

the soundings of the chief harbours in Europe, and the strong and weak sides of most fortified towns. And all these were private acquisitions, and of his own choosing.

In the queen's library, at Frogmore, there is a port-folio of drawings, about fifty in number, done by his majesty George the Third, when prince of Wales; they represent problems from a work on practical geometry, with vignettes to each, drawn in Italian ink, on small folio paper. His majesty had an early predilection for the study of architecture, and this preparatory department of service was the ground work of the king's knowledge of that noble art. It is probable that these drawings were made with Mr. Kirby, the father of Mrs. Trimmer, as that ingenious artist had the honour to instruct his majesty in the science of lineal perspective. They were found by the queen, a few years since, in a desk, and placed in a red morocco folio; on the first page of which the queen inscribed with her own hand, that they were discovered by her majesty, and that they were executed by the king when prince of Wales.

His majesty one day parading the terrace at Windsor, in 1787, with the duke of York, rested his arm on the sun-dial which is near the end of the walk; the duke did the same, and continued in conversation with some gentlemen with whom they had for some time before been walking. During this parley, a sentinel upon duty there walked up to the king, and desired him to move from the dial, as it was under his particular charge. His majesty removed accordingly, observing at the same time, that the man's rigid adherence to his orders was highly commendable;

and a few hours afterwards he was graciously pleased to recommend him to the colonel of the regiment, as an object worthy of promotion, and one who ought to be provided for in as eligible a manner as the nature of the service would admit.

DR. JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

THE king being informed that Dr. Johnson occasionally visited the royal library, gave orders that he should be informed when the doctor came thither again. This was done, and no sooner was the doctor seated, than the librarian went to communicate the intelligence to his majesty, who condescended immediately to repair to the spot. Johnson, on being told that the king was in the room, started up and stood still. The king, after the usual compliments, asked some questions about the libraries of Oxford, where the doctor had lately been, and enquired if he was then engaged in any literary undertaking. Johnson replied in the negative, adding, that he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king said, "I do not think that you borrow much from any body." Johnson said he thought he had done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well." The king having observed, that he must have read a great deal; Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read, that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much compared to others; for instance, he said, he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. On

this the king said, he had heard that Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge that you could scarcely talk with him upon a subject, on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting in its universality. His majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth; and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton was more general, more scholastic learning: Lowth is the most correct scholar. I do not know which of them I like best." The king was pleased to say he was of the same opinion, adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said he did not think there was. "Why, truly," said the king, "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end." His majesty then asked him what he thought of lord Lyttleton's History; it was just then published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry too much. "Why," said the king, "they seldom do these things in halves." "No, Sir," answered Johnson, "not to kings;" but fearing to be misunderstood, he subjoined, that for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse but that he could more easily conceive how so many might speak better of them than they deserved without any ill intention; for as kings had much in their power to give those who were favoured by them, would frequently from gratitude exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it could be excused. The king then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but

had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree, by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now," added Johnson, "every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why," replied the king, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope, will be able to detect him." But that he might not leave an unfavourable impression against an absent man, the doctor added, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation. The king then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Sçavans*, and asked Dr. Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said it was formerly well done; and gave some account of the persons who began and carried it on for some years, enlarging at the same time on the nature and utility of such works. The king asked him if it was well done. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think it was. The king next enquired if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly Critical Reviews*; and on being answered there were no others, his majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson said, that the *Monthly Review* was done with the most care; the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding, that the authors of the former

were hostile to the church. This the king said he was sorry to hear. The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions; when Johnson observed, that the Royal Society had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Aye," said the king, "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his majesty remembered a circumstance which Johnson himself had forgotten. His majesty next expressed a desire to have the literary biography of the country ably executed, and proposed to the doctor to undertake it; and with this wish, so graciously expressed, Johnson readily complied. During this interview, the doctor talked with profound respect, but still in his firm manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is common at the levee or drawing-room. Afterwards he observed to Mr. Barnard, the librarian, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he also observed, at another time to Mr. Layton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis XIV. or Charles II. to have been."



EXTRACT FROM A MONODY
ON THE DEATH OF
HIS LATE R. H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

By Miss W. S. Croker.

I.

'TIS not for man to fix the arm of fate ;
'Tis not for him to urge, or to debate
High Heav'n's decree ; by whose imperial will
He soars to happiness, or sinks to ill.
For what is life ?—A sun immers'd in gloom,
Transient as moon-beams o'er a marbled tomb ;
A vapour flying with the breath of morn,—
A flow'ret fading almost soon as born,—
A midnight dream when aerial fancies play
Vision of night, which vanisheth with day.

II.

When public sorrows mix with private woes,
When the heart throbs with hope's expiring throes,
When genuine worth but gleams upon the eye,
Like sparkling meteors in sepulchral sky ;

To see those meteors sinking in the gloom,
 Exiled by heaven to the silent tomb,
 Is like an earthquake's shock into the soul :—
 As pealing thunders o'er the valleys roll,
 Or mountain-terrents bursting from their bounds,
 The shock affrights—the misery astounds—
 And weeping victims, with their latest breath,
 Struggle for liberty, and strive with death.

III.

Ask the lone orphan—ask the widow'd wife,
 To whom they owe the comforts of their life ?
 Ask the distress'd, the houseless wand'rer, where
 They found a friend to dry the falling tear ?
 Ask the oppress'd—the victim of the laws,
 Who dar'd to advocate and plead their cause ?
 They weep, who late the smile of pleasure wore,
 They weep,—for why ?—their patron is no more.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF
 HIS R. H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

By J. Wheeler, Esq.

Set to music by Mr. D. Bruguian, and sung at Berkley Chapel.

OH ! rest in peace, departed shade !
 With thee life's cares are o'er ;
 Each friendless youth, each orphan maid,
 In grief, thy loss deplore.

Ah ! beauteous mourner, thy fond tear
 Shall flow from each bright eye,
 Renew'd by each returning year,
 With love's responsive sigh.

And thou, dear pledge of mutual love,
 With cherub smile, wast given,
 To sooth thy parent from above,
 And call thy sire to heaven !

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE KING.

By the Rev. Thomas Beck.

EACH moment thousands sink to dust unknown,
 Or leave regret within their circle small ;
But, when death strikes a monarch from his throne,
 A nation feels ; the warning speaks to all.

Again the grave resounds the solemn cry,
 That bursts, like fourfold thunder, on the ear,
 “ Behold how princes fall, and sovereigns die !—
 “ Thy days are few—eternity is near !”

Ere time had measured thrice his annual ring,
 Four mighty victims death hath swept away ;
 A princess—queen—a royal duke—a king,
 Have changed their splendid domes for beds of clay.

Ere one short week what awful scenes appear !
 A son, a father, yield their vital breath !
 A prince—a monarch stretched upon the bier,
 Await the gloomy pomp of regal death !

Rais'd to the noblest seat by mortals gain'd,
 The hallowed throne by free-born Britons rear'd,
 Great George, the first of freemen, mildly reign'd,
 Long loved at home, and far abroad rever'd.

But all is mingled in this changeful state ;
 Nor rank, nor pow'r, nor worth, exemption brings
 Impartial wisdom bids affliction wait
 On humble paupers, and on mighty kings.

Those days are gone, those brilliant visions fled,
 When virtue's moral firm, the monarch stood,
 When active health, and vigorous judgment led
 To place his glory in the public good.

Protracted years produc'd decrepit age,
 The second childhood, and the palsied mind ;
 The ills no care could cure, nor love assuage,
 The living, death to gorgeous tomb consign'd.

Oh ye, who greatness full enjoyment deem,
 Behold the monarch bent with weight of years !
 His world is darkness—royalty a dream !
 His palace solitude—his solace tears !

But death, the welcome messenger of peace,
 To spirits parting for ethereal day,
 Hath broke his prison, brought the long'd release,
 And ushering angels track'd his upward way.

To suff'ring truth the glorious meed is given,
 The crown unfading, the pure robe of light,
 The sinless, endless paradise of heaven,
 Hope's sacred substance, faith's extatic sight.

How high his virtues rose, or erring fell,—
 For men may err, and sycophants deceive,—
 Some future Rapin honestly shall tell,
 The warning point, or bright example give.

A distant race shall view the page and say,
 " Intolerance dared not venture near his throne,
 " No persecution warp'd his equal sway ;
 " No fetter'd conscience heav'd oppression's groans

“ ‘Twas love paternal urg'd the pious thought,
 “ And cheer'd the practice of the wish benign,
 “ That ev'ry child of Britain might be taught
 “ To read the bible—source of truth divine.”

’Tis finish’d!—he has met that just award,
 Where mean and mighty even justice find;
 Where lofty potentates behold their Lord,
 Where heav’nly mercy soothes the humble mind.

The king supreme, the infinite alone,
 Who holds the nations in his ruling hand—
 He deems the realm of righteousness his own,
 And plants his bulwarks round the peaceful land.

Long may Britannia this distinction claim!
 May a new reign her injured cause redeem,
 And rear again old England’s drooping fame,
 And own and bless the government supreme!

January 31, 1820.



AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE KING.

By John Clay.



Extracts.

THE hour is come, that numbers with the dead
 The best of parents, and the best of kings!
 With reverend sorrow Britons bow the head,
 A silent anguish every bosom wrings.

* * * * *

In every tower is struck the solemn bell,
 Proclaiming loudly to the list'ning ear.
 Whose time is next? Say, mortal, canst thou tell?
 To every one the dreaded hour is near.

• • • • •

He whom we mourn, had long the sceptre sway'd
 Of sea-bound Britain, glorious and renown'd;
 The laws upheld, the claims of justice weigh'd,
 When those whom justice threaten'd, mercy found.

• • • • •

The arts, by thee upheld, shall speak thy praise,
 And distant ages learn thy great renown;
 The sculptur'd marble shall thy honour raise,
 And prove how worthily thou wor'st the crown.

On the broad canvas shall thy deeds be shown,
 And thy bland features recollection move
 All feeling hearts to sympathise in tune—
 "This was the monarch of his people's love."

—•••••—

FROM A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

By Mrs. M'Mullan.

—•••••—

WHEN summer blossom, fragrant, soft, and fair,
 Yet frail as fragrant, hails the matin air,
 Just blooms in sweetness, but, ere day restore
 The beams of gladness, all its bloom is o'er;
 We scarcely mourn the flow'rets transient date
 It bloom'd unknown—and myriads shar'd its fate.

Not so we feel when sinks the lofty oak,
 By lightning blasted, or by tempest broke ;
 A mournful crowd behold the ruin'd form,
 Their summer shade, their shelter in the storm,
 Sigh o'er the wreck, and on the Druids call
 To weep the awful, the majestic fall.
 So now Britannia binds the cypress wreath,
 And wanders pensive on the lonely heath,
 From princely Windsor to Devon's vales,
 Where erst 'twas said, health breath'd in balmy gales,
 Whilst sacred spires proclaim the monarch's knell,
 Ere ceas'd for Edward the cathedral bell,—
 Ere ceas'd the sighs for Cobourg's lovely bride—
 Ere for the queen fair virtue's tears were dried.
 Cold is that heart, to patriot love unknown,
 That feels not woe when grief assails the throne,
 That mourns not now when death's dark hand appears,
 Arm'd with unerring, with unpitying spears ;
 Subdues the manly, points the destin'd dart,
 And, still insatiate, strikes the monarch's heart.
 Enshrin'd, in memory, George the Third will live,
 And holiest records simple annals give ;
 His death protracted to the longest reign,
 Mark'd by no acts to give his subject pain ;
 But, mild and gentle as the zephyrs glide
 Along the bosom of the summer tide,
 Foster'd green Erin with Britannia's smile,
 And made one people from the triple isle.
 His country's rights determin'd to maintain,
 The British lion never rear'd in vain ;
 The wreaths of conquest and the trump of fame,
 At once adorn'd and spoke the monarch's name.
 To the wide limits of the utmost zone,
 The fleets and armies of our states were known,
 Where'er the red cross ting'd the ocean wave,
 'Twas freedom's signal to the bleeding slave ;
 Whilst peace at home rewarded deeds of arms,
 And Windsor's turrets glow'd with virtue's charms.

Peace to the memory of the sacred dead,
 And light the steps that on their ashes tread :
 Blest the successor to the Brunswick throne,
 That prince whom Britons ever proudly own.
 The christian's visions in the closing hour,
 Are, doubtless, cheer'd by sweet angelic power,
 And every blest anticipation brings
 Joy beyond thought, on soft seraphic wings.
 Thus sire and son together kiss'd the rod,
 Then went to meet their Saviour and their God.
 Ye weeping druids in the lonely dell,
 Wake the lorn cadence of the plaintive shell ;
 Thy saddest coronacks, Edina, learn ;
 Ye bards of Scotia, mourn your lov'd Strathearn ;
 Thy rocks, oh Calfe ! with the plaint prolong,
 Canadian echoes waft the funeral song ;
 The graves of Kensington lament the dead,
 While sounds of joy from Ealing's dome are fled.
 In anguish sinking, and dissolv'd in tears,
 The faded form of charity appears,
 Leading her orphan bands, mid twilight's gloom,
 To breathe their sighs o'er royal Edward's tomb.
 For thee, lov'd consort of a prince so dear,
 The faithful pray'r will shrine each Briton's tear,
 In tender sympathy each heart expand,
 And hail thee still a daughter of our land :
 With grateful fondness on thy infant smile,
 And deem the babe the blossom of our isle.
 Should heav'n her destiny on high dictate,
 To wield the sceptre of the British state,
 Her royal father's virtues will preside,
 Endear the princess—bless the widow'd bride.

• • • • •
 For acts and arms, philosophy and grace,
 Rome boasts her Cæsars, Greece her god-like race ;
 But gen'rous Britain adds, to these much more,—
 She gives instruction to her humblest poor.
 Her princes patronize the docile hand,
 And rear the future bulwarks of their land.

Full many an humble heart has sigh'd to lose
 Two cherish'd branches from the parent rose ;
 Whilst prince and peasant mourn the fallen king,
 And gemm'd with tears is every dirge they sing,
 Full many a bard will prove the plaintive line,
 But none more faithful, more sincere than mine.
 Though, lowly as the heath-bell's unsought leaf,
 I dare participate my country's grief—
 Not general woe alone my heart-strings swell,
 When thus I sigh a long, a last farewell—
 Of Claremont's princess and of hope depriv'd ;
 My joys were wither'd, and my soul was riv'd :
 When gracious Edward bade hope's cheering ray
 Again return to light my widow'd way,
 Vouchsafed attention to my frequent prayer,
 And taught my soul to soar above despair ;
 With path now darken'd, and with prospects drear,
 My feast is memory—and the boon a tear.
 Ere clos'd this humble, this spontaneous lay,
 A simple tribute gratitude would pay—
 Such prayers as erst have reach'd the fountain head,
 When prophets bless'd, and indigence was fed,
 Again may prosper, and again may bring,
 Joy to Britannia and her patriot king !

TRIBUTARY LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

(From the Bath Herald.)

BELLS toll for peasants, and we heed them not,
 But, when proclaiming that the nobler die,
 Rous'd by the grandeur of their lofty lot,
 Musing we listen, moralizing, sigh.

Such knells have now a sad familiar sound,
 Oh, that which spoke worst woe to Albien's isle,
 More unaccustom'd hung its murmurs round,
 Chill'd the warm heart, and stole the gayest smile.

We cannot grieve alike o'er youth and age :
 Thee, loveliest acorn of the royal tree,
 We mourn'd in anguish, time could scarce assuage,
 We wept—and oh, not only wept for thee!

Survivor's claim'd the bitterest of our tears ;
 And we had sorrows that were all our own ;
 We, who had cherish'd hopes for future years,
 Too long indulg'd, too soon, alas! o'erthrown.

But thee, the age-worn monarch of these realms,
 Thyself survivor of each dearest tie,
 We mourn not with the sorrow that o'erwhelms,
 But with the silent tear of memory.

It is not now the blossom in its prime,
 Torn in fresh vigour from its parent root,
 Scattering on vernal gales before its time,
 The golden promise of expected fruit ;

It is the oak, once monarch of the glade,
 Which lives again in many a circling tree,
 Itself all branchless, sapless and decay'd,
 Yields to its full completed destiny.

Thy sun was not eclips'd in sudden night,
 But ran its course and, slowly verging, set ;
 Preparing shadows had involv'd its light,
 And stol'n the poignant anguish of regret.

To spare worse pangs than ever madness prev'd,
 That friendly darkness of the mind was given,
 That thou mightst never mourn the fondly lov'd,
 Nor know them lost on earth, till met in heaven.

Yet, ling'ring sadness in our hearts is sown,
 'Tis still a pensive thought that all is past ;
 " Farewell " is ever of a mournful sound—
 Past when we may, 'tis parting still at last.

We thought not on thy life, nor mourn thy death ;
 But death hath now recall'd thy life once more,
 And the last pang, that drew thy parting breath,
 Seem'd to our hearts thine image to restore.

We muse on all thou wert, and tears would start ;
 When shall we see so good, so great again ?
 But, wherefore ponder not on what thou art,
 High o'er this brief abode of woe and pain ?

Oh ! what a glorious change, from dark to light,
 For double darkness of the soul and eye,
 When thy free spirit spread its wings for flight,
 To thee 'twas death to live, 'tis life to die.

For thee ! it is to all, whose anchor'd faith
 Enters beyond death's transient veil of gloom ;
 But, oh, how perfect was thy living death,
 Who wert thyself thine own unjoyous tomb !

Those darken'd eyes no more obstruct the day ;
 That mind no more spurns reason's best controul ;
 Far from its rain'd tenement of clay,
 All eye, all reason, soars the happy soul.

Dull are those ears no more, but, raptur'd, share
 Notes, far from earth's best harmony remov'd ;
 But ah, of all the heavenly music there,
 Is not the sweetest, every voice belov'd ?

Say, as the hour of blissful death drew nigh,
 Did not around thy court bright angels stand,
 Reveal'd in vision to thy mental eye,
 And sweetly whisper, " Join our kindred band.

- " Leave thy poor crown of earth, whose every gem
 " Was but the splendid covering of a thorn ;
 " For thee, e'en now a brighter diadem,
 " Cluster'd with beams, by seraph hands is borne.

 " That crown not less domestic virtues twine,
 " Than patriot faith, unsullied, unsubdu'd,
 " Which never purchas'd at ambition's shrine,
 " A nation's glory, with a nation's good.

 " Come! where, beyond the portals of the grave,
 " The lov'd, the lost, to thy embraces press ;
 " Come, where a Saviour, who has died to save,
 " Lives, loves, and reigns, eternally to bless."

THE CONTRAST ;

Written under Windsor Terrace, Feb. 17, 1820.

(*From Baldwin's London Magazine.*)

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
 Walking in health and gladness ;
 Begirt with his court, and in all the croud,
 Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
 Blithely the birds were singing ;
 The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
 And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
 When not a word was spoken ;
 But every eye was dim with a tear,
 And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,
 To the muffled drum's deep rolling ;
 While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
 Drown'd the death bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
 To the grave till I saw him carried,
 Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
 But to *him* a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight :—from his lofty throne,
 The foe of our land we have tumbled ;
 And it gladden'd each eye, save his alone,
 For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved—a queen—a son,
 And a son's sole child have perish'd ;
 And sad was each heart, save the only one
 By which they were fondest cherish'd.

For his eyes were seal'd, and his mind was dark,
 And he sat in his age's lateness,
 Like a vision thron'd, as a solemn mark,
 Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread,
 Unvex'd by life's commotion,
 Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift, shed
 On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay ;
 Though the stream of time kept flowing ;—
 When they spoke of our king, 'twas but to say,
 That the old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
 By weakness rent asunder,
 A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
 For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust,
 Death's hand his slumbers breaking ;
 For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just,
 Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn ;
 And should sculptur'd stone be deny'd him,
 There will his name be found, when in turn,
 We lay our heads beside him. H.



ON THE
 DEATH OF KING GEORGE III.

(From the Lady's Magazine.)



THE grave hath lost its terrors for the heart,
 His pilgrim follower that broke its chain ;
 But nature will have way, and tears will start,
 And through its tears the eye of love will strain,
 To catch the glorious memories that remain,
 Like clouds empurpled by the parted sun,
 Spreading their trains upon the sapphire plain,
 In richer holier splendours, than when shone,
 Their pomp transpierc'd with fire from his meridian throne

The death-bell toll'd at midnight, and that bell
 Sent sorrow upon England swift and deep ;
 For on her heart had smote the heavy knell,
 And England's tears were those that children weep
 In honour o'er a father's final sleep.
 But to her spirit solemn memories cling,
 For round the bier transcendant visions sweep,
 Swelling with patriot pride the heart they wring ;
 That sudden death-bell toll'd the parting of her king

His morning rose in bright tranquillity,
 And England gloried in the glorious beam ;
 But storms soon came, and earth was like a sea,
 Uptorn by battling winds, war's bloody gleam
 Shot o'er it fiercer than the lightning stream ;
 Earth's thrones in that wild tumult rush and reel
 Like mighty vessels, that through ev'ry seam
 Let death within, while more than thunder-peal,
 Or whirlwind, rear around each sweeping shatter'd keel.

But England's ship, though many a sail and shroud
 Were from her torn, still proudly stemm'd the tide ;
 Her banner towering o'er the wave of blood,
 The thunder answer'd from her brazen side ;
 Till round the noble ship, the tempest died,
 And round the shore did earth's rejoicings ring.
 But he has past away, her royal guide,
 Through that wild, glorious day of suffering ;
 And England by his grave now weeps her father and
 her king.

Raise we his monument ? what giant pile,
 Shall honour him to far posterity ?
 His monument shall be his ocean-isle ;
 The voice of his all-saving thunders be
 His epitaph upon the silver sea.
 And million spirits from whose necks he tore
 The fetter, and made soul and body free :
 And unborn millions, from earth's farthest shore,
 Shall bless the christian king, till the last sun is o'er.

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

IN ripeness of years, and in fulness of glory,
 Our father is gone to the place of his rest ;

Thy name best of kings, shall live blazon'd in story,
How pure was thy life, and thy parting how blest.

The angel of death the sad tidings revealing,
The last sands of life in thy glass had been run,
Came soft as the shade on the summer eve stealing,
Which tells that the day and its labors are done.

When earth was convuls'd, and her powers were shaken,
By the tempest that burst in a deluge of blood,
Unchanging thou stood'st, like a heaven-lit beacon,
And marked for the nations, their path in the flood.

And when to the haven, in safety had ridden,
The ark of their hopes, then thy light was withdrawn,
As if brightness like thine, was in wisdom forbidden,
On scenes of less awful importance to dawn.

Still, still, at the tomb where her champion slumbers,
Shall liberty's warmest orisons be paid,
And tracing the past, as thy virtues she numbers,
She'll hallow the spot where thy ashes are laid.

In ages to come, when thy people are rearing,
For royalty's relics, a suitable shrine,
They'll then think on thee, and this labor forbearing,
Will honor them most when they lay them by thine.

— — — — —

HIS LATE MAJESTY'S FUNERAL,

Saturday, Feb. 19, 1820.

— — —

(From the Yorkshire Gazette.)

— — —

BRITONS! although our task is but to shew
The scenes and passions of each others woe;
Think not our duty's done, without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,

Which, like a shade, hath darken'd every place,
 And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face :
 The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
 That toll'd a requiem through the solemn aisles,
 For him th' imperial sire, low laid in dust,
 That was your greatest pride—your greatest trust.
 Sad was the pomp that yester-night beheld,
 As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,
 While torch succeeding torch illum'd each high
 And banner'd arch of English chivalry—
 The rich plum'd canopy—the gorgeous pall—
 The sacred march—and sable vested wall—
 These were not rites of inexpressive show,
 But hallow'd, as the types of real woe.
 Sovereign of England! for a nation's sighs,
 A nation's heart went with thine obsequies.
 Blest spirit! send thy blessing from above
 To realms where thou art canonis'd by love ;
 Give to a son's—a subject's bleeding mind,
 The peace that angels lend to human kind ;—
 To us, who in thy lov'd remembrance feel,
 A sorrowing, yet a soul-ennobling zeal,
 A loyalty that touches all the best
 And loftiest principles of England's breast ;—
 Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,
 Still in thy muse's breath thy mem'ry bloom—
 They shall describe thy life, thy form pourtray,
 But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
 'Tis not in language of expressive arts,
 To paint—*ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts.*

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

(*From the Home Missionary Magazine.*)

HARK! 'tis the sound of the funereal bell,
 That strikes each moment on the list'ning ear,

And all the land repeats the awful knell,
That draws from ev'ry loyal eye, a tear.

He sleeps in death, our venerable king,
(For kings and subjects to that power must bend,)
Nor can our warmest wishes ever bring
To earth again, Religion's constant friend.

Dark were the clouds that clos'd his lengthen'd day,
A day succeeded by an awful night,
But now the gloomy scene has pass'd away,
He lives in regions of perennial light.

Let history's pen record his gentle reign,
And mem'ry oft the monarch's virtues trace,
And George, the husband, father, friend, remain
A lasting pattern for the royal race.

May righteousness the British throne secure,
And long protect th' illustrious Brunswick line ;
Whatever thrones may fall, may this endure,
And o'er the rest in pious splendour shine.

SINCERITAS.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATHS
OF THE
DUKE OF KENT AND HIS MAJESTY.

(*From the Evangelical Magazine.*)

The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places; how are
the mighty fallen! Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleas-
ant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.
2 Sam. i. 19, 23.

WITH harp attun'd to solemn strain,
From Jesse's son the notes ascend ;

He sings of Saul, in battle slain,
 Of Jonathan his fallen friend.
 Ye sons, he said, of Judah, mourn;
 Ye Israel's daughters sadly weep
 Her glory is from Israel torn,
 And in the dust her mighty sleep.

Like Judah's, England's sorrows spread,
 And borrowing David's plaintive song,
 Bewails her prince, her monarch dead,
 With grief sincere and feeling strong.
 Tho' vanquish'd, not by earthly foe,
 Nor slaughter'd in the field of blood,
 Yet death hath laid the beauty low,
 Of Edward kind, and George the good.

No beauty can the great adorn,
 Devoid of dignity of mind;
 'Tis where the righteous robe is worn,
 'Tis where the bounteous heart we find.
 'Tis where Religion tempers all
 The private acts, the public deeds;
 When such depart, the mighty fall,
 A kingdom mourns, a nation bleeds.

The son, the sire, (alas! no more,)
 Were lovely in their better days;
 And each to each resemblance bore,
 In virtue's bland and pleasant ways;
 'Twas thus they liv'd and thus they died,
 And thus did time's afflictions prove,
 And scarce did death their hour divide
 Of undivided joy above.

Tho' here the mean and mighty fall,
 The christian may the foe contemn,
 And conquer him, who conquers all,
 And live through him, who died for them.

Their mansions are prepar'd on high,
 And here that hope the soul sustains,
 Their faithful friend shall never die,
 Their God and King for ever reigns.

ALIVIS.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF
 HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

(By Hugh Campbell, Esq. Hon. F.A.S.)

WHEN grateful tears, for royal friendship lost,
 Stream o'er my cheeks—oh, deem not grief unreal;
 Oh gratitude! my soul's most valued boast,
 Bid truth—(not flatt'ry now)—my loss reveal.

My loss!—what loss? the world has lost a friend;
 Not me alone;—~~the slave—the peasant—poor—~~
 Truth, justice, honour, worth, will all attend,
 And join a humble bard in grief severe.

Oh hapless bard! to mourn each fallen friend,
 The friends of virtue, and the friends of man,
 Late time o'er lovely TALBOT saw me bend,
 While flow'd my lay in concert with her land.

Now what can flow in unison with thought?
 What lay can shew the poor man's loss the while?
 Oh, where can inspiration's robe be caught,
 To paint his virtues which adorn'd our isle?

'Twas not his high, exalted, princely sphere—
 Offspring of kings—that made him truly great;

'Twas noblest virtues did the prince endear,
And held him forth an honour to the state.

You, who have seen—as I have often seen—
The noblest impulse—Virtue's prompted thro—
When want's true advocate adorn'd the scene,
Where charity's illustrious train did go ;

You, who have heard his soul subduing strain,
The rending tale of misery pourtray ;
You, who have felt with him the stings of pain,
Misfortune's woes, and misery's sunless day ;

You, who have felt your heart's recesses pour
Their tributary tears at misery's shrine,
And felt soft Christian feelings rule the hour,
With fair fair'd charity, of source divine !

You, who have seen, as I have haply seen,
(Oh, happy hours, to never more return,)
The husband, father, grace the tender scene,
Where softest, kindest virtues did sojourn !

Who saw attracting and attracted souls,
Reciprocally join in purest love,
Oh, mighty power ! that human life controls,
Send CONCORD's sister comfort from above ;

Join with me, witnesses of such his deeds—
The patriot, statesman, christian, let us mourn ;
Whilst time to time descendingly succeeds,
The patriot virtues will embrace his urn.

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY GEORGE III.

By Mrs. W. West.

WHEN fancy's numbers breathe ideal woe,
The muse—extorted tears in languor flow ;

But when our grief springs vivid from the soul,
 The dewy sympathies spontaneous roll.
 On Albion's loss, what mind unmov'd can dwell—
 What British heart—and not with sorrow swell?
 Though long the radiant course our monarch ran,
 Too soon, alas! we view'd his sinking sun;
 In honours, as in years, he constant grew,
 While rich his goodness, great his *glory* too.
 His RODNEY, DUNCAN, noblest laurels gain'd;
 'Mid ever spreading pow'r his virtues reign'd;
 Vict'ry her bold exulting flag unfurl'd,
 And Britain guarded ocean's subject world;
 While Neptune envying Mars, reviv'd the fight,
 And match'd our NELSON's with our WELLESLEY's might.
 You, loyal Britons! to your sovereign's grace,
 Ascrib'd the bounty pour'd upon your race;
 With candour's eye survey'd each foreign throne,
 And blest the gem that glow'd upon your own.
 Of *friendly* monarchs, who with ours could vie?
 On virtue's roll, what foes e'er rank'd so high?
 Superior, or in peace, or war's alarms,
 He rivall'd them in goodness, as in arms.
 Benign as pious—*patriot*—husband—*sire*—
 In all things lov'd that reason can admire.
 The saint combining with the kingly part,
 God and a faithful people shar'd his heart.
 While England's state his fervent prayers enjoy'd,
 To merit England's *weal*, his care employ'd.
 The public morals by his influence shone,
 And all the *private virtues* were his own.
 Philanthropy, kind visitant of earth,
 Type of the deity who gave her birth,
 To his her melting spirit did impart,
 And fix'd her fame in his paternal heart.
 His mind 'bove every grosser passion soar'd,
 And hallow'd temp'rance grac'd his simple board,
 Science her homage to his shrine shall bring;
 Her noblest patron, grateful music sing;
 The arts he rais'd, in turn exalt his fame;
 And British genius glory in his name.

This his blest image : brightly as it gleams,
 His great successor shall relume the beams.
 The *Star of Brunswick* still in glory reign,
 Still a lov'd *George* its shining course maintain.
 The son, enkindled by the parent fire,
 Shall emulate the honours of his sire ;
 Whom with the memory of goodness flown,
 Bid the august example be his own :
 Prove that though kings are summon'd to the sky,
 Albion's imperial virtues—never die.

HIS GRAVE THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

A Tribute to the Memory of his late Majesty King George the
 Third, written and set to music, by J. Parry.

WHILE tears, for Kent's lamented death,
 Stand trembling in our eyes ;
 Our gracious, good, and virtuous king,
 Rever'd and honour'd, dies !
 Depriv'd of reason, and of sight,
 With calmness he departs ;
 His winding sheet the people's love,
 His grave the people's hearts.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF OUR BELOVED SOVEREIGN.

" There is a spirit in man."

(From the *Colchester Gazette*.)

PASS'D hath the spirit ! shall we weep,
 That clouded it no more can be ;
 No more the mind oblivious sleep,
 But wake to life and ecstasy ?

Of intellect revives the ray,
 Its harmony is all resum'd;
 Death opes the gate of mental day,
 Though the frail organs are inhum'd.

But memory prompts a nation's sigh,
 And virtue sanctifies the tear;
 That sever'd is the tender tie,
 Which bound it with a bond as dear.

As that which sons and daughters feel:
 Each wish, each want, each joy unite,
 With ardent love and ready zeal,
 To banish wrong and cherish right.

Sacred to Britons be the hour,
 That beam'd celestial on that soul,
 Which grateful millions now deplore,
 Nor wish their sorrow to controul.

But this fond tribute duly paid,
 Let faith avert the weeping eye,
 From the dark tomb where he is laid,
 To realms of light beyond the sky.

Think what a glorious burst of mind,
 Will rush upon the spirit freed!
 Leaving this cloudy speck behind—
 Angels that happy spirit lead.

Fall to the source of joy and love,
 Attending seraphs wing their way,
 And bid th' embodied soul to prove,
 The blessings of eternal day.

At heav'n's high gate expectant stand,
 (With harps of gold, and palmy wreath,)
 Blessing and blest, the kindred band
 To welcome from the realms of death.

The husband, father, brother, son—
 Triumphant is their choral song,
 That *he* the golden crown hath won,
 And ranks with angels now among.

In glory's vivid rays, O, see, .
 (That seraph-form surrounding bright,)
 The well-known words, "*Remember me!*"
 When fond Amelia wing'd her flight

From sufferings here to joys above,
 Memento to a father giv'n,
 Of her who made the bowers of love,
 By gentlest virtues, all but heav'n.

See, with unfading roses crown'd,
 Her who was England's loveliest rose ;
 Now rapture wakes her harp's soft sound,
 While radiance round her path-way glows.

That child belov'd! whose nuptial vow,
 Tho' fate forbade the sire to hear;
 Yet spar'd him—still the bursting woe,
 Of weeping o'er her funeral bier.

Oft in her guileless youth, that sire .
 Felt rapture thro' his bosom roll,
 As her blue eye, with glancing fire,
 Bespoke a Briton's noble soul.

" Child of my love," exulting cried,
 " The diadem becomes thy head ;
 " Be England's glory, England's pride,
 " And blessings o'er my country shed."

Death's with'ring touch destroy'd that shrine,
 That form, the joy of ev'ry eye ;
 But the uninjur'd soul divine,
 Rqae a pure star to shine on high.

Behold within that beamy light,
Her form who shar'd youth's wedded love ;
 Ev'n heav'nly joys become more bright,
 With those whose hand love's chaplet wove.

In earth's bleak clime—tho' scatter'd there,
 Or wither'd by the blast of death,
 In heav'n the flow'rets flourish fair,
 All flagrant in immortal wreath.

But see what spirit speeds its way,
 Applauding angels hovering o'er,
 While seraphs stand in bright array,
 And sing sweet charity's bland pow'r !

They sing of widow's stifled sighs,
 For smiles exchang'd the orphan's tear ;
 To wretchedness the rich supplies,
 And hope quick chases doubt and fear.

" This, this," they hymn'd, " was Edward's joy,
 " Oh ! blessed of the Father rise !
 " On earth this was his blest employ,
 " Oh ! bid him welcome to the skies !"

But mourn we, mourn we, not for those,
 For those now gain'd their blissful seat ;
 But those bereft, o'er whose repose,
 Death's desolating storm hath beat !

A God decrees ! be hush'd the plaint—
 A language from the tomb is theirs ;
 They who in trial never faint,
 Of heav'n shall be the fellow-heirs.

Oh ! let us in their footsteps tread,
 And we their rich reward shall share !
 Soft are the whisperings of the dead—
 " Be good, be patient, nor despair !" M.

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF KING GEORGE III.

" Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
" Regumque turres." *Hor.*

" Impartial death, with equal foot, doth strike
" The peasant's cot and kingly towers alike."

DESCEND each muse and sweep the sounding string !
And join with England in the mournful lay ;
To our lov'd monarch and our good old king,
A tender tear, a grateful tribute pay.

O ! that I could the tuneful lyre command,
I'd pour my sorrows o'er his honour'd urn ;
I'd sweep the tragic string with mournful hand,
Where high and low, where good and virtuous mourn :

Why should I blush to weep for one so dear,
And why should I the mournful song restrain,
Whilst every Briton sheds a tender tear ?
I'll join, though feebly, in the plaintive strain.

His mercy, justice, charity, and truth,
To friends and foes alike he did extend ;
In ev'ry stage of life, in age, and youth,
His people's father, and his country's friend.

Above thy predecessors' laurell'd deeds,
In peace, in war, great George, thy virtues shone ;
Thy greatness, goodness, theirs thy reign exceeds,
O'er earth's wide continent thy fame is known.

In statues not alone shall we behold,
But in his people's heart his deathless fame,
His name " the father of the state" enroll'd,
Shall live to latest times an honour'd name.

A fame the fun'ral pyre cannot consume,
 Above the highest pyramids shall rise :
 His bright example sleeps not in the tomb,
 His country holds it as a sacred prize.

Brentwood, Feb. 2, 1820.

OF THE
DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE III.

(From the *Exeter Alfred*.)

BRITANIA mourn, with tears thy loss deplore,
 The father of his people is no more !
 His soul from earth to heaven, on seraph wings,
 Has soar'd aloft to meet the King of kings.
 His virtues round the throne a lustre shed,
 We lov'd him living, and we mourn him dead ;
 He fell lamented in a hapless hour,
 The first in merit, and the first in power.
 He's gone, with saints the blest reward to share ;
 A righteous king is heav'n's peculiar care.
 While day and night shall in succession pass,
 While violets sweet shall deck the dewy grass,
 While rivers run, the ocean to embrace,
 May George's crown descend to George's race.

GEORGE III. BRITANN. REGIS.

Epicidium.

[From the *Morning Chronicle*.]

QUID fles, alma parens, sancta Britannia ?
 Lactum mitte, precor ; non lachrymis tibi
 Possit restitui, non precibus tuis ;
 Emissusq ; semel corpore spiritus
 Est desiderio non revocabilis.
 Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,

Nulli flebilior. Anglia, quam tibi.
 O longæve Pater, tu venerabilis,
 Tu pastor populi; nam tibi principi
 Jam bis sexta fugax volvitur orbita
 Lustrorum rediens. Ipse beaberis
 Cælo, care senex, sic tibi debito
 Tantis pro meritis. O Deus optime,
 Rex Regumq; potens, accipe Georgium
 Sanctorum indigetem sedibus in piis.
 Ut matura seges tempore scinditur
 Autumni, agricolæ et victa jacet manu;
 Sic annis titubans et senio gravis,
 Mortis præcipiti, sternitur impetu.
 Non votiva tibi marmora possumus
 Donare, artis opus, signaq; æhenea,
 Munus carmen erit; sit superadditum
 Hoc carmen titulo cum memorabili:
 En sanctus tumulus! *Georgius hic jacet*
Qui cunctis colitur, ipsi Dei colens.

C. HOOK.

Kentish Town, Feb. 2, 1820.

(Translation.)

MONODY ON GEORGE III. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SAY, hallow'd Britain, generous parent, why
 Those woe-fraught accents and that tearful eye?
 Cease, cease to mourn; thy tears, thy prayers are vain,
 The funeral dirge, the tributary strain,
 Can ne'er restore the death-struck form again:
 When the blest spirit soars from hence away,
 Not love can animate the cumbrous clay;
 Mourn, all ye good, ye sons of England, mourn;
 He's past at length th' irrevocable bourne.
 O aged monarch, the rever'd, the great,
 Shepherd of Britain, pillar of the state,

Near sixty circling years their course have run,
 Since lov'd Britannia hail'd thy glorious sun,
 Dawning in splendour : it no more shall shine,
 Now heav'n's thine home, eternity is thine.

As ripen'd corn, in autumn's golden fields,
 Down-bending to the reaper's sickle yields ;
 Tott'ring with years, by age and sickness broke,
 He falls, o'erwhelm'd by death's all-sweeping stroke.
 Alas, departed royalty, alas !
 Emblazon'd tablets, and historic brass,
 Are not the offerings that the muse can give,
 But in the minstrel's song thy name shall live.
 This be the meed, the memorable verse,
 Let every tongue the solemn words rehearse :
 " Beneath this stone, the much-lov'd George lies here,
 " Rever'd by men, he did his God revere."

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

" E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
 " You, sire, have been my study. I have placed
 " Before mine eyes in every light of life,
 " The Father and the King." *Mallet.*

KING, Father, Sov'reign,—round thy bier
 A grateful people mourning press ;
 Lament thee with a heart sincere,
 Tho' reason checks their deep distress ;
 And faith, with more exalted voice,
 Would bid them in thy bliss rejoice ;
 Yet still will memory's tear-drop flow,
 And cherish'd love appear in cherish'd woe.

If he, the Lord of life and light,
 Wept o'er his dear disciple's tomb,
 (Ere yet the grave renounc'd her right,)
 Well may we weep the awful night,
 That seal'd our Sovereign's earthly doom,
 Tho' neither sorrow, nor despair,
 Nor stubborn grief, our bosoms tear.

No! 'tis the thousand touching ties,
 The progeny of lengthen'd days,
 That to thy people's heart supplies
 Remembrance of thy treasur'd praise ;
 We trace thee thro' each stage of life ;
 Or bless'd by peace, or wrong'd by strife.

The hour of dread, the day of pride,
 When victory shone, tho' Nelson died,
 When war her later ensigns furled,
 And Britain raised a prostrate world ;
 We follow thro' each private scene,
 With our own being thine unite,
 For few another King have seen,
 Few bask'd beneath an earlier light.

Thou wert the King—confirm'd in pow'r
 Ere many a prattling babe began
 To lisp thy name, whose present hour,
 Hath enter'd the last stage of man.
 Thou wert the King ; thy glorious name
 Sent the young warrior forth to fame,
 Whose guerdon'd head, now silvery gray,
 Bends 'neath the pressure of decay.

That grandsire of a numerous race,
 With faltering tongue can just retrace
 The time, when he to beauty's ear
 The promise of his youth could bring,
 " Oh ! thou shalt be as Charlotte dear,
 " I will be faithful as my King."

Our bliss, our grief, our loss, our gain,
 Our years of health, our months of pain,
 What most we value or deplore,
 The mind's best gifts—the memory's store—
 All—by some dear resistless charm

Inthroned the monarch in each breast,
 With loyalty more pure, more warm,
 Than pilgrim for his saint possess'd.
 With early life its being came,
 Nor can it die, but with life's latest flame,

Yet time alone had never bound
 These hallow'd bonds each heart around ;
 No ! 'twas thy worth from early youth,
 Thy stainless name—thy perfect truth,
 Thy nobly honest soul, that shone
 Beyond the splendour of a throne ;
 Thy temper cheerful, and serene
 Thy constant love's unchanging mien.

Thy heart, where every grace combin'd,
 That frail humanity can claim,
 Good, generous, tender, liberal, kind,
 Alive to every princely aim ;
 A heart whose widening bounty spread,
 Far, far beyond its lofty sphere,
 To visit penury's coldest shed,
 And e'en on guilt's condemned head,
 To drop the pitying tear.

Benignant monarch—friend of man,
 Be *this* thy praise thro' every age ;
 Nor that denied, which time may scan
 Thro' history's remotest page ;
 That to thy promise strictly just,
 No power could lure thee from thy trust ;
 Unscared—untempted, still thy feet
 The thorny path of duty trod,

Prepar'd with all events to meet,
And fearing nothing, but thy God.

In thee religion was no empty name,
The unsubstantial vapour of an hour ;
Far less the bigot's unrelenting flame,
That burns with zeal, yet burns but to devour.
No ! 'twas the Christian's holier light,
As freedom pure—as mercy bright ;
It temper'd glory's flattering ray,
Illumin'd sorrow's cheerless day,
And, with a calm and steady beam,
Blazed on thro' life's extended stream.

That life embrac'd both ill and good,
Contended oft on plains of blood,
Encounter'd storms that deeply loured,
While neighbouring nations stood aghast,
And trembled as the tempest poured
Its fiercely desolating blast :
A blast, that by its roots uptore
Astonish'd Europe's ancient pride,
While Britain, like her oak, the more
Struck her strong fibres deep and wide ;
And with her mighty branches spread
Protection o'er each suffering head.

Then sprung her lion from his lair,
And grappling with the Titan pow'r,
Thro' seas of blood, thro' years of care,
Pursued the dread decisive hour :
It came at length—the world was free,
But ah ! its triumphs reach'd not thee.

But thou hadst solace far more sweet
Than ever flow'd from victory's car,
When dove-like mercy's winged feet,
Forth from thy throne, her long-lov'd seat,
Shot o'er the western wave afar !

"The slave—the slave is free!" she cried,
Then echoed heaven, and earth replied,
And ocean from his inmost cave,
Resounded, "Freedom to the slave."

Oh! 'twas a godlike deed—it rent,
Like fetters from the captive mind,
And thousand sable brethren sent,
Their Saviour's higher grace to find,
Her darkest stain from Britain tore,
And bade her blushing commerce "Sin no more."

And tho' the scorner call it vain,
I will not veil the firm belief,
(Because my brother worm arraign)
That God in mercy spared thee grief;
Spared thee the pangs that would have stole
Soft peace from thy declining head,
And wrung such tear-drops from thy soul,
As thou, alas! too oft hadst shed:

When fair Amelia's early doom
Involv'd the father's heart in gloom,
Thou did'st not view thy fairest flower,
Torn bleeding from the nuptial bower;
Nor share the father's, husband's woes,
Who laid the rose-bud with the rose:
Nor list thy much-lov'd people's cry,
In that dread hour of agony.
Nor did thy kind and faithful breast
O'er thy lov'd consort's couch of pain,
In anguish bend, then sink oppress'd,
To linger out alone, life's dreary wane.

From thee was hid the opening grave
Prepar'd for KENT, the good, the brave,
O'er which ten thousand thankful sighs
Are breath'd in sorrowing sacrifice;

And here a widow'd princess stands,
 An orphan spreads its pleading hands,
 Whose very smiles can to the heart
 A pang "beyond a name impart;"—
 But here thy closing scene was given,
 It pass'd in peace—and all was heaven.

B. H.

Twickenham.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE DAY
 OF THE INTERMENT OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
 GEORGE THE THIRD, FEB. 16, 1820.

By J. Holland.

(*From Montgomery's Sheffield Iris.*)

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 "Regumque turres." *Horat. Carmen.*

WHAT means this mourning through the land,
 As if all wept a father dead?
 Does God afflict with chastening hand,
 The bloom of youth, or hoary head?

He dies, the Monarch of our Isle;
 The Father of his people dies!
 Through ev'ry heart from Windsor's pile,
 The sympathetic sorrow flies.

Who, but that moment, felt a part
 Sever'd from all on earth most lov'd?
 That bosom bears no British heart
 Which felt not then, or felt unmov'd.

The babe upon its mother's breast
 Might smile, as tears around it fell;

The buried and unborn may rest
Untroubled by yon muffled knell !

His pomp and power, and purple robe,
The pride of Brunswick's ancient line ;
The sceptre, diadem, and globe,
Long borne,—he wept not to resign.

With these when empire pass'd away,
He felt no loss, knew no regret :
We griev'd who o'er his mental day,
Beheld the sun of reason set !

Yet, o'er his mind's mysterious night,
To empire, kindred, people—dead,
Religion's star, with broken light,
From heav'n appear'd ; to heav'n it led.—

Its path, beyond temptation's reach,
The royal suff'rer meekly trod :
Lost to the charms of human speech,
He only heard the voice of God !

He is no more on earth !—beyond
Our hopes, or tears, or prayers he rests ;
Yet seems his spirit to respond
To the bereavement of our breasts.

Now from his Father's domes they bear
Him with sad pomp and fun'ral train,
To that sepulchral palace where,
In coffin'd state, his heirs must reign.

And while his country's virgin hands
Wreath his cold bust, and weep him dead ;
A crown of glory, angel hands,
'Midst heav'nly songs, place on his head.

Near Sheffield, Feb. 16, 1820.

ELEGY

ON THE

LAMENTED DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING GEORGE III.

[From the Baptist Magazine.]

HARK ! 'tis the tolling bell arrests my ears :
Britannia groans amidst a nation's tears.
She mourns a noble PRINCE for ever fled,
And England's MONARCH number'd with the dead.
Their mortal parts among their fathers sleep,
While all the various ranks of Britons weep.
O could a nation's love, a nation's tears,
Have held the star which gilt our earthly spheres,
Could ardent wishes have prolong'd its stay,
Far, distant far, had been the mournful day,
When George, the best of kings, should yield his breath,
And all his honours, to the tyrant Death !
But Death, the tyrant, feels his conqu'ring power,
Nor will he wait beyond th' appointed hour.
Unaw'd by pomp, he rules with sov'reign sway,
And kings must yield, and princes must obey.
Nor time, nor place, nor rank his power restrain,
Nor human skill can check his boundless reign,
With cruel speed he plung'd his fatal dart,
First in the Prince's, then the Monarch's heart.
Before the SON had reach'd his final shade,
Or time had heal'd the recent wound it made,
Fearless he pass'd the royal guarded gate,
And ventur'd boldly to the bed of state,
Drew back the curtain, show'd his warrant seal'd,
That sentence pass'd which could not be repeal'd ;
Then seizing rudely on his destin'd prey,
Without respect he bore the SIRE away,
Far from the cheerful scenes of life and light,
To dreary dungeons of perpetual night,

Where dust resumes its kindred dust again,
 And reptile worms rule o'er the dark domain.
 There's no distinction there ; the royal head
 Must mix and crumble with the meaner dead.
 But still the Christian soars beyond the gloom :
 Thus George, victorious, triumphs o'er the tomb.
 Great George, thy name, by various ties endear'd,
 Thy name so much belov'd, so long rever'd,
 Thy glorious name shall sound from shore to shore.
 Till earthly monarchs rule the world no more,
 Long have thy virtues all refulgent shone,
 The brightest gems that grac'd the British throne :
 Still shall they live, by memory's power impress'd,
 In grateful lines, in ev'ry English breast.
 Trembling, the plaintive Muse attempts to sing
 Of Albion's pride, her Father, and her King.
 Some abler hand shall strike the tuneful lyre,
 And sweet melodious strains the notes inspire ;
 While faithful history will record his fame,
 And ages yet unborn revere his name.
 For since illustrious Alfred's glorious days,
 Which of our monarchs merits equal praise ?
 May gracious heaven in mercy long permit
 Such pious kings on Britain's throne to sit !
 His was the heart to feel another's woe,
 And bid the streams of mercy freely flow.
 His bounty fed the poor, reliev'd th' oppress'd,
 And lov'd and smil'd to see his people blest.
 For threescore years he wore the regal crown,
 And sought the nation's comfort as his own ;
 With wisdom, power, and love, the sceptre sway'd,
 Nor ever once our lawful rights betray'd.
 Fearless he walk'd throughout his wide domain :
 No pompous guards compos'd his royal train.
 Thus was our gentle Monarch often seen,
 Attended only by his faithful Queen ;
 He felt secure on England's happy ground,
 Where loyal subjects hail'd him all around.

Not so the fear'd, but hated, tyrants :—No !
 They justly tremble ev'ry step they go ;
 Laden with crimes and guilt of deepest dye,
 Afraid to live, yet more afraid to die.
 Now let the haughty tyrants wisdom gain,
 And learn from George the Third how they should reign,
 Open their dungeons, cast their chains away,
 And give fair Liberty her native sway.
 Before our King all persecution fled,
 And toleration o'er the land was spread ;
 He knew that conscience was the Lord's alone,
 A sacred subject of the heavenly throne ;
 He took the Bible for his constant guide,
 That holy book which infidels deride ;
 Here he beheld the wonders of the cross,
 For which he counted all things else but dross.
 He knew the value of redeeming love,
 And all his best affections soar'd above ;
 These pious thoughts that noble wish inspir'd,
 Which all have heard, and millions have admir'd ;—
 That ev'ry child might read the sacred page,
 That guide of youth, that sure support of age.
 When health declin'd, he felt its cheering ray ;
 It gilt his last expiring streak of day.
 When Death approach'd, no sting for him he wore,
 But prov'd a friendly guide to Cansan's shore.
 How sweet, from outward gloom and mental night,
 To wake in realms of glory and of light !
 How sweet in peace to lay his honours down,
 And change an earthly for a heavenly crown !
 Triumphant now his happy spirit reigns,
 And ranges o'er the wide etherial plains,
 Where heavenly fruits on trees of life abound,
 And Jesus looks and smiles on all around :
 No sorrow, sin, or pain can enter there,
 But love divine perfumes the balmy air ;
 And there to golden harps he sweetly sings,
 And casts his crown before the King of kings.

Then let the mourners wipe their tears away,
And trace the path he trod to endless day,
While saints adoring raise their praises high,
For Christ, the King of grace, can never die.

M. A. G.

LINES ON THE LAMENTED DEATH

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

[From the Christian's Pocket Magazine]

WHENCE is that mournful strain from princely halls,—
The wail of anguish o'er the patriot's doom?
From yon bright sphere, a star of glory falls,
And gathering darkness spreads portentous gloom.

Flow fast a nation's tears—'tis generous grief,
And reason consecrates the notes of woe;
Religion's voice proclaims, tho' bright, how brief,
The fairest promise earth can e'er bestow.

Flow fast a nation's tears, the tribute due,
Illustrious Edward, to thy matchless worth;
Thro' all thy blest career to virtue true,
From that pure fount, each action claim'd its birth.

Amid the pomp which royal station shows,
The lineal honour, and high sounding name;
To loftier claims thy cherish'd memory owes
Its proud distinction, and its deathless fame.

Yes; let the trophy rich, with hostile spoils,
Transmit to future praise the warrior's pride;
Let fame's loud blast repeat his martial toils,
And honour heap her treasures at his side.

Lo ! for thy monument shall virtue rear
 A hallow'd urn, which freedom's wreath shall crown,
 Philanthropy shall keep her vigils near,
 And guard inviolate thy just renown.

How late thy glowing eloquence withstood
 Each foe, impeding Truth's sublime career ;
 Thine was no sordid mind, by flattery woo'd,
 Or palsied by the chilling touch of fear.

Fix'd on that base, where Britain's freedom rests
 Its sacred structure, thy undaunted soul,
 With constant zeal, maintain'd her high behest,
 And check'd the licence of usurp'd controuls.

Th' unletter'd throng confess'd thy generous power,
 Which lov'd to scatter wide, as heav'n's pure light,
 The beams of knowledge—wisdom's dawning hour,
 Predicting hopes in fair perspective bright.

And might the muse that social scene invade,
 Where nature triumphs in the feeling breast ;
 When rank and splendour sink in grateful shade,
 And leave the statesman as the husband blest.

Oh ! might she seek within the soul's recess
 The fond o'erflowings of parental joy,
 The pious charity so prompt to bless,
 The steady friendship, time could ne'er destroy.

How would she linger on so dear a theme ;
 Alas ! how transient, as we fondly view'd,
 The lovely prospect vanished like a dream,
 And left a dreary waste with tears bedew'd.

Sweet orphan babe ! the pledge thy father left
 His weeping country : in her grateful arms,
 Thy youth shall flourish ; and, of him bereft,
 Her fostering love shall guard thy budding charms.

Upon thy brow, adorn'd with female grace,
 His mild and temper'd dignity shall shine ;
 And Britain's future sons with pride shall trace,
 The living image of *His* soul in thine.

Thine be his steady rectitude of thought,
 With tenderest sympathy and love combin'd ;
 Thine be his liberal aim, which boldly sought,
 To spread the gift of truth o'er all mankind.

Thus shall one cheering beam of joy be shed
 Athwart the glistening drops of recent woe ;
 And through the gathering darkness Hope shall spread
 Her pledge of promise, like the radiant bow.

E. C.

ELEGIAC LINES ON THE DUKE OF KENT.

[From the same.]

" *Divesne prisco, natus ab Inacho,*
 " *Nil interest, an pauper, et infima*
 " *De gente, sub Divo moreris,*
 " *Victima nil miserantis Orci.*" *Horace.*

HARK ! heardst thou not that deep-ton'd solemn bell,
 Whose undulations strike the list'ning ear ?
 Of fallen greatness now it tolls the knell,
 Of greatness, laid upon the funeral bier ?

From place to place the mournful tidings run,
 From day to day our tongues the tale renew,
 That noble KENT, that George's royal son,
 Has bid the world a sad, a last adieu.

Religion's patron, and Oppression's foe ;
 The friend of science and of learned lore ;
 His cheering voice uprais'd the poor and low,
 And bade the afflicted widow weep no more.

Then why should Man, that feeble worm of earth,
 Who soon as born, begins to droop and die,
 Boast of his glory, honours, titles, birth,
 Which soon must fall, and in oblivion lie?

Death to no rank or station is confin'd ;
 He roves unshackled all creation round,
 And levels now the poor, untutor'd hind,
 And now the sceptred king, with glory crown'd.

Such is the frailty of our mortal state !
 And who shall dare the ways of God to scan ?
 All die, the base, the brave, the low, the great ;
 Yet will he justify his ways to man.

The night succeeds the day, the day the night ;
 The winter, autumn ; and the summer, spring ;
 The spring returns in quick-revolving flight,
 And gives new life to each created thing.

But man, whose life hangs on a slender thread,
 When once the tyrant speaks the last decree,
 For ever sleeps among the countless dead ;
 " He giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?"

C. H.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ROYAL WORTH.

[From the same.]

O ! WEEP for the good and the great,
 Whom patriot bosoms deplore ;
 Whom, slain by the foe that all mortals must hate,
 And for ever deprived of the glories of state,
 Our eyes shall delight in no more.

Yet, still to our mem'ries they're dear,
 For goodness and greatness combin'd,

Demand something more than the perishing tear,
Which falls for the moment, then dies on the bier,
And leaves no impression behind.

The name of lov'd KENT shall remain
Engrav'd on each generous breast,
And the virtues that brightly adorn'd a long reign,
Shall shine in review, an illustrious train,
Now GEORGE is for ever at rest.

O! peace to their ashes, for they
Were the friends of the needy and poor ;
And joy to their spirits in those realms of day,
Where glories ineffable fade not away,
And death shall assail them no more.

INGRAM COMBIN.



AN ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE KING.

By William Lewis.



" In the blest kingdoms meek, of joy and love,
There entertain him all the saints above ;
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And tears are wip'd for ever from his eyes." *Milton*,



TAKE down the idle flag, which waves
Useless on Windsor's circling tower ;
And let the tranquil stream that laves
The regal shore, the leafless bower,
Bear it to perish in the sea,
As years pass to eternity.
Oh ! many eyes, as well as mine,
Have look'd upon that joyous sign,

When silver clouds were rising high,
 'Mid the pure azure of the sky ;
 Here calmly gazed at day's decline,
 And watch'd its image in the wave,
 Have seen its crimson radiance shine,
 As if in mockery of the grave,
 And said, or thought, there dwells our king ;
 There dwells our aged honour'd sire !
 And may our grateful offering
 Acceptance find, like David's lyre !
 Have we not wish'd to pierce the gloom,
 Which seem'd unto us as the tomb,
 And see that venerable face
 Adorn'd by sorrow's nameless grace ?
 Have we not felt as children feel,
 Who have not seen for many a year,
 A parent's face, and wish'd to steal
 A glimpse of his, now silent here ?
 Look back through the dark stream of years,
 And search each ancient chronicle,
 Look if thou canst, for rising tears,
 And say who did our king excel.
 His wife was like a fruitful tree,
 Which spreads its branches gracefully,
 And a fair tribe of children rose,
 In youthful beauty at his side :
 He had a heart for human woes,
 One that could stoop from kingly pride,
 He did not mount ambition's car,
 Heedless of orphan's, widow's tears ;
 More fitted he for peace than war,
 And all that soothes the soul or cheers ;
 And Britons scarce can hope to see,
 A worthier, better king than he.
 He was like to some ancient oak,
 Rising amid the forest, free,
 Which long hath borne the whirlwind stroke,
 And stands, when falls each humble tree.

Dark clouds came round him, not alone,
 Was he amid his solitude,
 And since he grac'd the regal throne,
 Angels, with holy promptitude,
 Came, it is said, with cheering power,
 To soothe him in that mournful hour.
 Weep, Britain, weep, but not for him !
 Since he hath left earth's honours dim,
 To wear, we trust, a radiant crown,
 Which shades of time shall ne'er embrown.
 To bow before the eternal throne,
 In worship to the Holy One !
 Where martyrs, saints, and angels, blend
 Their hymns of everlasting praise ;
 And kings in adoration bend,
 Before the prince of ancient days.
 Weep, Britain, weep, that there should be
 The spirit of dark anarchy,
 Brooding in any child of thine,
 And then look upwards through thy tears,
 To him whose gracious presence cheers,
 Each humble soul, with love divine.

ON THE
 DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

(From the Bath Journal.)

"Hi mores

———*Servare modum, finemque tenere,
 Naturamque sequi, patriamque impendere vitam
 Iustitiam cultor, rigidi servator honesti,
 In commune bonus.*" *Lucan.*

THE death-bell toll'd at midnight, and that bell
 Sent sorrow upon England swift and deep ;

For on her heart had smote the heavy knell,
 And England's tears were those that children weep,
 In honour o'er a father's final sleep.
 But to her spirit solemn memories cling,
 For round the bier transcendant visions sweep ;
 Swelling with patriot pride the heart they wring ;
 That midnight death-bell toll'd the parting of her king.

That hour the mortal from his pain had flown,
 To put on immortality—the shroud
 Now wrapt the stately form that fill'd a throne,—
 Time's chilling hand had press'd it, and a cloud
 Of anguish on the noble mind had bow'd.
 He waited for his summons ; but the land
 Still to his throne the hearts old homage vow'd,
 Lov'd with instinctive love the old command,
 Honour'd the head uncrown'd, and pale unaccepter'd hand.

His morning rose in bright tranquillity,
 And England gloried in the glorious beam ;
 But storms soon came and earth was like a sea,
 Uptorn by battling wings ; war's bloody gleam.
 Shoots o'er it fiercer than the lightnings stream
 Earth's thrown in that wild tumult, rush and reel,
 Like mighty vessels, that through ev'ry seam
 Let death within, while more than thunder peal
 Or whirlwind, around each sweeping shatter'd keel.

But England's ship, though many a sail and shroud
 Were from her torn, still proudly stemm'd the tide,
 Her banner towering o'er the wave of blood,
 The thunder answer'd from her brazen side,
 Till round the noble ship the tempest died,
 And round the shore did earth's rejoicings ring ;
 But he has past away, her regal guide,
 Through that wild glorious day of suffering ;
 And England, by his grave, now weeps her father and her
 king.

THE
OLDEST KING OF BRITAIN.

(From the European Magazine.)

The phrophetic fragment which suggested this imitation has been lately published by the learned and reverend editor of the Hist. Brit.

I HAVE seen the eagle tear
The cedar from its hold ;
I have seen the wild wolf's lair,
At the gates of the towers of gold.*

I was in the meteor's path,
When it shot from east to west,
Till the lion rove in wrath,
And rent the wild-wolf's crest.

I saw the turban yield
Its gem to a Christian hand,
And the victor pave his field,
With the pearls of Samarcand.

I heard a voice on earth,
Cry havoc to man's race :
The war-feast was their mirth,
Empires their burial-place.

I saw a stranger stand
Alone on a mighty flood,
Fiends blew the hurricane,
And the torrent was of blood.

His voice was like the gale,
That mountain ocean heaves ;

* The arms of Castile.

His fame like the blazing train
A falling comet leaves.

I saw a morning star
Rise in the clear blue sky ;
It set among clouds afar,
Like a bride in her canopy.

And I sat in Britain's court,
When her eldest king passed by ;
His shield was her lion's heart,
Her cap his treasury.

The sea was his jasper wall,
The island rock his seat ;
Three nations built his hall ;
Three worlds were at his feet.

He looked from south to north,
And their riches were his throne ;
Yet his feet were on his hearth,
And his lamp on the altar stone.

Silence and shadow spread
Over his earthly tower ;
But the dwellers in heaven delay'd
The dark death angel's hour.

They had no herald yet,
His coming to await,
'Till the son of his love was fit,
To open their diamond gate ;

For there was joy in heaven
For Britain's mighty one,
And the crown of bliss was given
To the Father by the Son.

ON THE DEATH

OF HIS

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

By J. A. Heraud, Author of "Tottenham," a Poem.

(From the Gentleman's Magazine.)

SACRED the grief that balms the death of kings,
 And shrines their memory in the heart's true blood :
 With such the rising muse her tribute brings,
 To mourn the nobly great, the greatly good.
 The rising muse, who ever wreathes her harp,
 With the dark cypress and the sprig of yew,
 Whose soul is sadness, fortune ne'er may warp,
 The mood of mind to melancholy true.

The passing bell
 Hath toll'd its knell
 For a star of Brunswick set !
 But few hours gone,
 O'er the royal Son,
 Was the eye of sorrow wet !
 The tear was not dried,
 When pealing wide,
 Came the omen again on the gale—
 Whose tale does it tell,
 That passing knell ?
 For the monarch of England's wail !

The king of the fair and the free—
 The lord of the bright and the brave—
 And such shall dew the cheek for thee,
 And worship at glory's grave !
 But did'st thou in glory set ?
 Alas for thee thou wert shrouded in gloom,
 And gone from the eye, ere thy hour were come,
 'To sink on the western hills bright coronet.

In the hues of the heavens, that beautiful pyre,
Whereon like the phoenix, the sun dies in fire,

The day was a summer one,
Lustring and bright,
But its setting no splendour won,
From its length or its light.
The cloud and the blast,
Came sudden and darkling,
Through the shadow they cast,
Not a gleam was there sparkling.

The eve of the summer was wintry and wild,
And the land was a desert where hope never smiled,
Thou wert shorn of the rays, they may envy who can,
But bereft of the monarch we felt for the man!

Weep not, for he was fearless in his woe,
And life was lost in him who bore it so,
Unconscious of its being or its blindness,

The scions of his house were rent away,
And that he felt not, oh! 'twas heaven's kindness—

Else had his spirit been subdued to clay,
—For they were portions of it, and his heart,—

And madden'd with the fierce sense of the anguish,
That of his frenzy ever had been part—

And he again had seen them fade and languish,
And from the tomb raved for them till they came—

Then he had blest them, and all hope and fear,
Felt as he before had felt the same,

Watch'd by the bed of death, and again madden'd there!
Weep not—that from the night of nature he is free;

Free from the fetters of the flesh diseas'd;
The mind, the image of the deity,

From its long heavy slumber well released,—
Great and most glorious in the land of light,

The land of spirits—throned among the kings,
Whose virtues, equal to their task of might,
Were only equalled by their sufferings.

THE SHROUD OF ROYALTY.

(From the European Magazine.)

FROM the wild Strathearn, the dirge of woe
 Wails o'er her royal Edward's bier ;
 And Britain's thousand sorrows flow,
 For one so honor'd and so dear !
 But *now* in princely rank he stood,
 Patron of every deed of good ;
 Where'er was heard the tale of grief,
 Where'er the mourner sought relief,
 His was the heart that loved to dry,
 The tear from every suppliant's eye ;
 His were the arms of pity given,
 As freely as the dews of heaven :
 The poor and needy spake his fame,
 The friendless orphan lisp'd his name.
 And the four winds in tribute shed
 The widow's blessing on his head !
 Now snatch'd from all earth's ills to come,
 The voice of heaven hath call'd him home.
 Beloved Kent !—no hireling verse,
 Pours the sad requiem round thy hearse :
 An heart with sorrow almost broke,
 In every sorrowing word hath spoke,
 A minstrel often praised by thee,
 Hallows thy fadeless memory ;
 And with thy kingly father's cherish'd name,
 Records thy worth, thy virtues, and thy fame.

 'Tis past ! the shaft of fate has fled,
 And England's king sleeps cold in death,
 Stoops to the dust his age-bow'd head,
 And heaven receives his parted breath.
 Life's latest pulse hath left his heart,
 His wakeful nights of pain are o'er :

No royal cares their woes impart,
 And 'wildering dreams afflict no more,
 That lyre which erst with raptur'd strain,
 Exulting hail'd his lengthen'd reign,
 O'er Albion fair and free ;
 Hail'd the gay morning's welcome beam,
 Whose lightsome glance o'er tower and stream,
 Deck'd with fond joy's enlivening gleam,
 A nation's jubilee.

That minstrel song whose closing lays,
 Proclaim'd a virtuous monarch's praise ;—
 Which bade his amaranth chaplet bloom,
 Now breathes its tribute o'er his tomb,
 Now on the dark sepulchre's verge,
 Wafts in sad notes his funeral dirge.
 The heart's last votive incense o'er his bier,
 Pale sorrow's trembling sigh, affection's unfeign'd tear.
 Amidst the storms that shook the world,
 And laid the toil of ages low,
 Kingdoms and thrones in fragments hurl'd
 Whelm'd in one fate's dark overthrow.
 Preserved by heaven, our sea-girt land,
 Still brav'd the earthquake's fiery shock ;
 The deluge flood but swept her strand,
 The thunder's bolt but sear'd her rock.

Our monarch's virtues beam'd afar,
 His native island's saviour-star :
 Enthroned in every subject's breast,
 With every heart's orisons blest.
 A nation wept beside his bed,
 Till life and hope together fled,
 And England mourn'd her worst of woes,
 His patriarch reign of glory's close.
 For 'mongst the mighty names that shine,
 The proudest of her regal line,
 Ne'er was her golden sceptre sway'd,
 By king more lovingly obey'd ;

Ne'er did a people's anthems rise
 With purer incense to the skies,
 Than when from city, field, and flood,
 Rang the loud praise of *George the good*.
 And rapture hail'd th' auspicious morn,
 That gave a British sovereign, British born!

And though so long his frozen heart,
 Was seal'd from all beneath the skies,
 Now the dark veil is rent apart,
 And floods of splendour greet his eyes.
 All that once shed its spring-tide bloom,
 But wither'd in an early tomb;
 All that gave promises so sweet,
 Then perish'd in death's winding-sheet,
 Restor'd at once in realms of light,
 Bursts beauteous on his dazzled sight;
 The heiress of his realm and throne,
 Whose fate kind heaven had kept unknown,
 Amelia—Charlotte—Edward—all
 Released from sin and sorrow's thrall,
 Now meet in happiness and peace,
 Where tears and woe for ever cease,—
 And the last pang by nature given,
 Was the first hour of bliss in heaven.

Long at our George's trophied bier,
 Shall filial woe the requiem swell,
 And loyal duty's holiest tear,
 Embalm his memory loved so well.
 Long at the shrine where Albion weeps,
 With throbbing heart and clouded eye,
 Where kingly greatness peaceful sleeps,
 Shall peal the dirge of royalty.
 From unseen minstrels hovering round,
 Death's anthem pour its descant slow,
 And harps of angels catch the sound,
 That wakes an empire's notes of woe.

ANTHEM.

HOW strainless is the filial tear,
 That dews a parent sovereign's bier,
 When all his weeping subjects meet,
 Around their father's winding sheet.
 When wrapt in flames this earthly ball,
 Each royal tower, and banner'd hall,
 Consuming fires their funeral pall,
 Shall to primæval chaos fall.
 When the last angel's wakening tread,
 O'er land and sea shall terror spread,
 With trumpet thunder call the dead,
 And a world's fearful doom be read;—
 Oh! then, released from shrouding clay,
 While sun and stars in age decay,
 May heaven the sever'd bond restore,
 And prince and people part no more,

J. T.

 LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

OUR MUCH REGRETTED AND HIGHLY RE-
 VERED SOVEREIGN GEORGE III.

(*From the Doncaster, Nottingham, and Lincoln Gazette.*)

BEHOLD Britannia's mild majestic form,
 A cloud of sorrow circling round her head,
 With air distracted—and with vestments torn,
 Weep o'er the manes of her monarch dead.

Yes, it is true—yon bell's deep omen'd sound,
 Proclaims the flight of life's immortal spark,
 The king of terrors—while he slightly frown'd,
 Check'd the warm throbbings of a sov'reign's heart.

Angels, invisible to mortal eye,
 Watch'd by the couch—his aged image prest,
 Sooth'd the last struggle, caught the parting sigh,
 Then bore his spirit to eternal rest.

There far remov'd from all sublunar care,
 Where bright rewards to virtue's sons are giv'n,
 Himself immortal—he is call'd to share,
 The purest blessings of his native heaven.

Balby, Feb. 2, 1820.

LOV'D KING OF ENGLAND.

Tune—"Sweet Rose of England! Fare thee well."

(From the same.)

LOV'D king of England! Fare thee well;
 Long as remembrance holds her seat,
 Approving realms thy worth shall tell,
 And with a sigh thy name repeat,
 Lov'd king.

A powerful sceptre grac'd thine hand,
 A glorious crown adorn'd thy brow,
 'Twas honour's self that ruled the land,
 'Twas virtue gave the brilliant glow,
 Lov'd king.

Yet sorrow taught her lessons here,
 (And who, alas! from sorrow free!)
 This caus'd for royal grief the tear,
 And now it flows for loss of thee,
 Lov'd king.

But piety amidst the gloom,
 Reads her instructive volume o'er,

And points to realms beyond the tomb,
 Where sorrow's dart shall pierce no more.
 Lov'd king, lov'd king, farewell.

MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

(*From the Sheffield Independent.*)

THE land hath mourn'd her monarch—sternly swung
 From tower to answering tower the death peal rung ;
 The half raised standard droop'd upon the gale,
 The cannon's iron throat confirm'd the tale,
 With sounds as when a mourner speaks her woe,
 In syllables successive, sad, and slow ;
 Feel ye not now the moral truth of old
 So often taught, forgot as soon as told,
 That pomp and power the visions of a day,
 Like our poor mimic pageants, pass away,*
 Nor did the awful lesson brook-to wait,
 The final hour when all must yield to fate ;
 For on the king of ocean and of isles,
 No beam of sunset pour'd departing smiles,
 While yet he liv'd, each tie of life was gone,
 Forgot alike his children, subjects, throne ;
 The king, the kingdom's triumph could not hear,
 Nor could the husband weep the consort's bier ;
 When branch and blossom to the winds were cast,
 The parent stem was senseless of the blast,
 Each varying turn of good and ill unknown,
 Darkling he sate, and sad, unconscious and alone.
 Had he deserved it?—Speak the hours of light,
 Speak the long watches of the broken night.

Tell how his labours for the public weal,
 Grudg'd e'en the stunted sleep, and hermit's meal :
 Tell, his brief pastimes, such as Briton's love ;
 Tell, manly labours of the field and grove,
 And tell his joys to Britens yet more dear,
 Circled within the calm domestic sphere.
 Tell of the aid to human sufferings given,
 Hide not the homage duly paid to heaven ;
 Of courage speak, which danger ne'er could bend,
 Of the true heart that ne'er deceiv'd a friend,
 Then ask if such a life he match'd with such an end !
 Heav'n's was the doom. It is not ours to scan,
 The wondrous ways of providence with man,
 Long may a people's love by virtue won,
 That dearest heritage surround the throne ;
 Long may the son with kindred mildness wave,
 The sceptre o'er the free-born and the brave !
 Late be the tribute that awaits his bier,
 And just and genuine as is render'd here :

FAREWELL STANZAS.

(From the Suffolk Chronicle.)

A'YE, wha strut in Tory pride,
 A'ye, to churlish Whigs allied,
 A'ye, wha vote on either side,
 Come, mourn wi' me ;
 Auld Geordie haes at length complied
 Wi' death's decree.

Our guid old king ! come drop a tear
 Upon his reverend, honour'd bier ;
 He toiled for us through monie a year,
 Till, crazed, an' blin',
 The light divine refus'd to cheer,
 Or e'en, er mind.

(Mysterious, an' aboon the ken,
 O grovelling, weak, short-sighted men,
 Are great Jehovah's actions, when
 His plans conceal'd;
 Lifts he the veil—what wisdom then
 Shines forth reveal'd.)

Why, when the will, the pow'r were gone,
 His years advanc'd, his duties done,
 Was he on earth, compell'd to won?
 Was it to shaw,
 Fause-reckoning men, mair state brings on,
 Mair care, an' wae?

Or (aiblins) was it Britain's guid,
 Required Wales better understood,
 To guide fell war, an' factions rude,
 To safest on's?
 A Birkie, deft wi' rank, an' bluid,
 An' flatt'rin' frien's.

Whate'er it was, we need na spier,
 A crown, a laurel, now he'll wear,
 Auld time will neither fade nor sere:
 An' may his son,
 As weel-beloved be, whilst here;
 As blest, when gone.

February 19, 1820.

G.

DIRGE,

ON THE INTERMENT OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.
 GEORGE III.

Wednesday, Feb. 16. 1820.

(*From the European Magazine.*)

'TIS death that speaks, with iron tongue,
 And solemn voice from tower and dome,

The sound that, lingering deep and long,
Consigns a monarch to the tomb!

From early childhood's sunny, morn,
When life was thoughtless, light and gay,
Have we been taught, his subjects born,
To bless and hail great George's sway!

And years on years have roll'd along,
Since we beneath his rule have liv'd,
To pour for him the grateful song,
From whom protection we receiv'd.

Our children, too, have lisp'd his fame,
Have rais'd for him the daily pray'r,
Through blooming youth have lov'd his name,
And cherish'd still his virtues rare.

Since he the sceptre first assum'd,
Nations and thrones have been o'erturn'd,
And half a generation doom'd
To dark oblivion, been inurn'd.

Still, like the monarch of the wood,
While round his head the tempests beat,
The father of our country stood,
In venerable ruins, great.

But the last blast at length has blown,
And torn him from the sacred soil,
The shelter and the shade are gone,
The boast, the land-mark of our isle!

Yet mourn we not, for christian love,
Assigns him yet a happier state :
A throne and diadem above,
Beyond the storms of time or fate.

Tis death that speaks with iron tongue,
And this the strain from tower to dome,

" Your sovereign, lov'd so well so long,
 " Has reach'd his high eternal home !"

W. H.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE
 THE THIRD.

(From the Suffolk Chronicle.)

RECITATIVE.

MOURN, Queen of Isles, thy aged Sire laid low,
 Who long enjoy'd a loyal people's love ;
 O'er whom death linger'd, and he gave the blow,
 That call'd him hence, to blissful realms above.

AIR.

From earth, from care receding,
 His soul to heav'n ascends ;
 To grief pure bliss succeeding,
 Where all affliction ends.

RECITATIVE.

In Windsor's royal walls of costly state,
 For many a year did gloomy sadness lew'r ;
 No mirthful song, or pageants of the great,
 E'er mock'd the stillness of the passing hour.

AIR.

But all around, around betoken'd,
 A nation's anxious care,
 Each tongue in accents broken'd,
 To heav'n vouchsaf'd this prayer :—

RECITATIVE.

Father of all! thou mighty King of kings!
 Through whom subsist the govern'd and the governing;
 Oh! let thy sun of health with healing wings,
 Again shine on our much afflicted Sovereign.

AIR.

Oh! may thy grace benignly,
 His dire disease unbind;
 And reason's ray divinely,
 Illumine his darkling mind.

RECITATIVE.

The fiat's past:—'twas Heaven's all wise decree,
 Perchance in mercy to reject our prayer;
 In mental darkness—sad captivity!
 Great George was doom'd life's weary load to bear.

AIR.

But now from Earth's dominion
 His spirit takes its flight;
 Upborn on Seraph's pinion
 To realms of endless light.

RECITATIVE.

Far, far remov'd from ev'ry earthly pain,
 Far from those ills which goad our feeble clay,
 His virtues find their sure reward and gain,
 Amid the mansions of eternal day.

AIR.

Rest, rest in peace, Oh! Sire departed;
 Such peace be thine as crowns the just;

By heav'n alone can be imparted
 The wish'd for heav'n of the blest ;
 Rest, rest in peace, O ! sire applauded ;
 The good man's tears thy death attend,
 In hist'ry's page thou'lt stand recorded,
 Thy nation's boast, thy people's friend.

JUVENIS.

Hadleigh, Feb. 11, 1820.

HEBREW DIRGE.

Extract and Translation.

OPPRESS'D, confused with grief and pain,
 And inly shrinking from the blow,
 In vain I seek the dirgeful strain :
 The ling'ring words refuse to flow.

The day-star of our glory sets !
 Our King has breathed his farewell breath !
 Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,
 As if it own'd the pow'r of death.

Lo ! of his beams the day-star shorn,
 Sad gleams the moon through dusky veil !
 The stars are dim ! Our nobles mourn,
 The matrons weep, their children wail.

No page records a King so just,
 His virtues numerous as his days ;
 The Lord Jehovah was his trust,
 And truth with mercy ruled his ways.

He sooth'd the suff'rer, and the prey
 From impious tyranny he tore ;
 He stay'd th' usurper's iron sway,
 And bade the spoiler waste no more.

Thou too, Jeshurun's daughter ! thou,
 Th' oppress'd of nations and the scorn !
 Didst hail on his benignant brow
 Thy safety dawning like the morn.

* * * *

But he is gone—the Just ! the Good !
 Nor could a nation's pray'r retard
 The heavenly meed, that long had stood
 In realms of day his high reward.

* * * *

Britannia ! Sister ! woe is me !
 Fain, fain would I dispel thy woe.
 But, ah ! how shall I comfort thee, *
 Who needst the balm, I would bestow ?

With one consent let us repair,
 Around our common Parent's grave ;
 And pouring out our heart in prayer,
 Our heav'nly Father's mercy crave.

Until the Lord, from his high throne
 Shall heed his suffering people's fears ;
 Shall turn to song the mourner's groan,
 To smiles of joy the nation's tears.

* * * *

ELEGY,

(From Morell's Sermon.)

THE spirit is fled, the languishing head
 Reposes, unconscious, on death's narrow bed ;
 Life's pageants are o'er, its sufferings no more,
 Farewell till we meet thee on yon happy shore.

Our sons and our sires, through a long train of years,
 Thy grave shall bedew with affection's fond tears !
 Thy virtues proclaim in the annals of fame,
 And echo to far distant ages thy name.

Dispersed is the shade that hung o'er thy head,
 The darkness that life's latest evening o'erspread,
 Though ling'ring the night, the morning how bright,
 Farewell ! till we meet thee in regions of light !

Life's journey is done, time's circuit is run ;
 Eternal duration its course has begun ;
 Adieu to the sire, and the prince whom we love,
 Farewell ! till we meet thee in mansions above !

ON GEORGE THE THIRD.

BRIGHT was the morning of thy patriot name,
 When England saw, and bless'd the rising flame ;
 Brighter the depth of thy meridian blaze,
 Then exultations mingled with amaze,
 And bless'd and honour'd did thy son descend,
 Though heart and eye are sorrowing at the end.
 Thy country's genius bends above thy tomb,
 A nation's brow is over-cast with gloom ;

A nation's gratitude writes on thy bier,
The patriot Monarch, George the Third, lies here.

EULOGY

ON HIS LATE MAJESTY.

CHASTE, pious, steadfast, merciful, and just,
His pride his people, and his God his trust ;
To the Third George, approving heaven ordain'd,
A life unblemish'd and a death unpain'd ;
In goodness, greatness, years his reign exceeds
Henry's mild life, and Edward's laurell'd deeds.





CHARACTER OF THE KING,

From a Funeral Sermon,

By J. W. Cunningham, M. A.

OUR deceased monarch was eminently *simple* in all his pursuits, tastes, and employments.—Although he by no means threw away the necessary insignia of royalty—those wholesome distinctions which mark the gradations of rank, and which are never trampled upon with impunity—yet a character of perfect simplicity reigned through every part of his conduct. He assumed no unnecessary pomp: he invested himself with no superfluous splendour. As the celebrated Dictator of the Roman empire was found, in the season of his relaxation, at the plough, so the Monarch of this great empire delighted to sink from the sovereign into the private man. He ascended the throne, when circumstances required it, with the majesty of one born to command—but he evi-

dently loved to take a lower place. He bore the sceptre with unusual dignity, but plainly rejoiced when the hour arrived for laying it down.

In like manner, our deceased Monarch was conspicuous for his *sincerity*.—The importunity of self-interested petitioners; the arduous struggles of party in a free government; the facility of promising, and the immediate advantages of promises—are so many snares to the sincerity of those invested with power. And hence, considering the infirmities of human nature, it is not impossible that a part at least of the reproaches on the honesty of the great are not altogether without foundation. Thousands, perhaps, of courtly sycophants have had reason to wish that they had “served their God” as they had “served their king,” in the strong persuasion that He would not have deserted them in the season of old age and decrepitude. But it is the high distinction of our lamented Monarch, that, as he was far from meriting the reproach of dishonesty, so he altogether escaped it. No man in the precincts of his court had reason to sigh over the hollowness of courts and princes. No man would have been justified in complaints of hope lighted up only to be extinguished. The love of truth, the pursuit of truth, the possession of truth, were respectively the passion, the business, and the joy of his life. Whatever other jewels might be wanting in his crown, there blazed in the front of it that of “godly sincerity.”

In like manner our late Monarch was distinguished by *constancy and fidelity to his friends*.—The love of change and novelty is one of the most common passions of our corrupt nature. And where all are soliciting our esteem, how strong is the

temptation to transfer it to new objects—to shake off the troublesome or expensive dependant, and substitute those who can have no pretensions to ask favours, because they have done nothing to deserve them! The King of Babylon raises Daniel to eminence one day, and plunges him the next into a dungeon! “The chief butler forgot Joseph.” But the fiercest calumniators of the throne never, that I am aware, attempted to fasten this stigma on our deceased Sovereign. They reproached what they called his pertinacity, but never his constancy or fidelity. The friends of the first years of his reign were, as far as Providence had spared them, the friends of his growing years. And amidst the illusions of that disease which clouded the latter period of his existence, it is said that he would call upon the dead the early sharers of his counsels and regard, and converse with them as with spirits in glory. It was a reward mercifully vouchsafed to his constancy that those early friends did not haunt him as enemies, but met him with countenances of gratitude and love.

To these qualities of our revered Sovereign, may be added those of *personal decision* and *magnanimity*.—It will never be forgotten by his country with what calmness he encountered the fury of more than one poor insane creature, who attempted to destroy him; how boldly he exposed himself to the violence of the mob in any moment of irritation; with what magnanimity, at the period of the riots, he decided when his ministers faulted, and hesitated to adopt the only measure, which, humanly speaking, could have saved the metropolis or the country. Nor let this quality be undervalued. Valour, in the moment of bat-

tle, when every passion is inflamed, when retreat or concealment is impossible, when the suggestions of cowardice are hushed in the din of arms or the shouts of victory—when sympathy fans the spark of doubtful valour—such courage is a common quality. But solitary courage—courage without excitement, without passion without tumult, without the stimulus of hatred, or the hope of revenge, is the quality of no ordinary mind. It is the proper attribute of kings; and we loved our king in part because he eminently possessed it.

In the next place it may be observed of our late Sovereign, that he was in the highest degree *domestic* in his character.—None, perhaps, but those who have lived in the high and noisy sphere of public life—or have lived upon the stimulants which it supplies—or have felt the influence of its great and commanding interests in lowering the importance of those of a simple and more private character—can estimate the difficulty of a dignified and happy retreat from the scenes of public life to the circle of a family. It is one of the mischievous consequences of publicity, that it ordinarily spoils men for retirement. Accordingly, scarcely any characters have been transmitted with more veneration to posterity than those who, uninjured by camps and senates, could, as it were, sheath their energies when the conflict was over, retire joyfully from the gaze of the world, and both find happiness and diffuse it in the family circle. To the small company of individuals distinguished by the possession of this double capacity for public and private life, our late revered Monarch may, without hesitation be added. He lived, as much as the lowest of his cottagers, for the benefit and comfort of the family with which Pro-

vidence had surrounded him. He supplied no precedent for vice in his own habits. He did not, like one of the Stuarts in our own country, or like some of the latter Monarchs of France, poison the stream of public morals at its fountain-head, by presenting to the nation the example of a polluted court. He frowned the profligate out of the sphere in which he presided. He taught his people, by his devotion to his family, that they might be sharers of that order of pleasures which their Monarch valued the most. He supplied to his country an example calculated to extend and perpetuate amongst us that taste which has been supposed to distinguish us from some foreign nations, and which is one of the main pillars of our greatness and welfare—I mean *an ardent attachment to the joys of home.*

But that we may advance to the consideration of what may be more properly termed the moral qualities of his mind, I would next observe, that our late sovereign was characterized by a spirit of the *deepest conscientiousness*.—He is well known, for instance, to have declared with regard to certain political concessions demanded of him, that, “he would rather lay his head on the block, than concede that which he conceived himself bound by his oath to his country to refuse.” And on the spirit of this splendid declaration, he appears habitually to have acted. Where is the solitary instance in which he sacrificed conscience to interest, to terror, or to persuasion? When did he trifle with his oath to God, or his pledges to the country? Politicians may differ as to the decisions to which his conscience conducted him; but none are rash or wicked enough to charge him

with evasion, with a spirit of compromise, with a surrender of right to expedience, with giving his conscience into the keeping of his interest, with endeavouring to twist the straight letter of the word of God, or the stubborn maxims of common equity into all the crooks and windings of state policy.

But I come to the consideration of that quality in our deceased Monarch, without which no genuine Englishman—no Englishman cast in the mould of the good old time of the Reformation—would consent to consider the character of their fellow-countryman as complete, that quality which is, in fact, the basis of all that is good and great in the mind and habits of man. The deceased king was a man of *scriptural, habitual, practical piety*. In saying that his religion was *scriptural*, I mean much by the expression. His principles, views, tastes, interpretations of doctrine, and conceptions of practice were faithfully, simply, exclusively drawn from holy writ. He regarded with alarm the slightest deviation from a scriptural model. He has been heard to express a wish to “hear less of Socrates, and more of Christ from the pulpit.” He was deeply attached to the Formularies and Homilies of our own Church—compositions which it is impossible to estimate too highly—and of the authors of which it may be said, that having, as it were, stepped “*first* into the” troubled “pool,” at the period of the Reformation, they appear beyond all others to have experienced its healing efficacy. Our sovereign is reported himself to have said of these early writers, “There were giants on the earth in those days.” Using then the Scripture as his rule, and the Fathers of the Church as his chief interpreters, he

rived at the clear and strong recognition of
 leading doctrines of christianity ;—the cor-
 of the human heart ; the necessity of par-
 rough the atonement of a Saviour, and of
 ge and renewal of the man by the power
 fluence of the Holy Ghost. He is known
 : hung over the bed of a dying child, and
 with solemn emphasis to have inculcated
 doctrines as the sources of hope and joy to
 trite sinner.—But his religion was not
 d to the recognition of right principles.
 , probably, the only sovereign in the world
 tended the public services of religion every
 No one who was ever permitted to become
 tator of these solemn approaches to the
 e of Grace is likely to forget either his vene-
 nage, or the apparent intenseness of his de-
 , when, after Providence ' had deprived him
 ight, he was led to his seat in the chapel of
 ace by the hands of his royal daughters.
) those denied the privilege of witnessing
 ecting scene, there remain many public and
 table monuments of his personal piety.
 the first public acts of his reign was a pro-
 on against Vice and Profaneness. The
 stages of it were exhausted in an almost
 anded conflict with Atheism—a conflict
 under God, has preserved, not merely our
 nd churches, but the very name of Christ-
 upon our national records. And he lifted
 ore, almost for the last time, to repel what
 med the invasions of Popery—an act of
 if some have questioned the policy, none
 an instant, question the piety, the purity
 magnanimity. The feelings, indeed, ma-
 by the sovereign, both to the profession

of Popery and Popery itself, ought to be the feelings of every one in like circumstances—deadly hostility to *the principles*, tender charity to *the men*.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

DEATH OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

From a Sermon by J. Hughes, A.M.

PERMIT me, having, on a former occasion, conducted you, in thought, to the tomb of an amiable princess, to unite with you in paying a similar tribute to the memory of an amiable Prince. You anticipate the name which I am about to mention, and are sorrowfully reminded—that the Duke of Kent is no more. But you wish me to recall the words, “no more;” you say, or seem to say, “Though he sunk, amidst our deepest lamentations, the victim of death, and the titles which he once bore have vanished from him for ever; he lives in our grateful remembrance; we will often repeat his name; and his memorial shall be fresh and honourable in the days of our children’s children.”

My persuasion, that such is the language of your hearts, is some relief to me, deploring as I do the removal of a Personage, who, while he vouchsafed to pronounce the humble individual now addressing you, his *friend*, constrained all who were admitted into his presence to acknowledge, that, whenever he should cease to breathe,

our whole country, and especially the chief of those philanthropic circles with which it abounds, would lose one of their brightest ornaments, and most efficient benefactors.—The mournful event has occurred; an event which millions have reason to record with regrets and tears.

To a dignity of manner, which perhaps cannot be more appropriately characterized than by the epithet "royal," the Duke of Kent added the courtesy, the kindness, and the condescension, which won and delighted each beholder. In him the cause of civil and religious freedom was blessed with an intelligent and zealous advocate. Towards the various schemes of benevolence, fostered all around with such commendable assiduity, he evinced a friendly disposition. If, however, it were required of me to specify the cases in which his joy and his pleading energies beamed forth with more than wonted lustre, I should be supported by those of you who marked his public career, in referring to those institutions on behalf of which our countrymen, abstaining from allusions, political or theological, of a discordant nature, were seen associating their counsels, their pecuniary means, and their general influence, for the benefit, sometimes of a neighbourhood, sometimes of a nation, and sometimes of a world. You will, therefore, readily and justly presume, that *The British and Foreign School Society*, and *The British and Foreign Bible Society*, were his favourites. He cherished the former, as offering to the children of the poor an opportunity of learning to read; he cherished the latter, as disclosing and conveying to the educated poor, whether children or parents, the treasures of divine revelation; he was attached to the proceedings, and he exult-

ed in the success, of both, as exhibiting common ground benignantly and advantageously occupied by the pious and humane of all ranks and of all parties. Few things were so revolting to his generous mind as selfishness, bigotry, and a systematic purpose to restrict within a mere section of the christian church, or the globe, privileges, which flowing down, not from an earthly partisan, but from our heavenly Father, were meant for universal circulation. Yet, to show how remote he was from the latitudinarianism often charged on liberal principles, it may not be unsuitable to inform you, that, the last time I had the privilege of intercourse with him, he expressed great satisfaction in the prospect of a measure then contemplated by himself and a few other patrons of education, which, if accomplished, besides perpetuating in the schools the use of the Holy Scriptures, would furnish the children with catechetical instruction—regulated, of course, so as not to interfere with the convictions and scruples of their respective parents. Whether the project will be extensively tried, or abandoned ; and whether, if tried, it will without deteriorating the constitution of *The British and Foreign School Society*, convert objectors into advocates, or leave them, for the most part, objectors still, his royal highness's sanction and benevolent hope demonstrate that his endeavours to provide schools for all, did not imply the sacrifice of truth on the altar of indifference, or the opinion, that to introduce human formularies, is to bar an ultimate appeal to the oracles of God.

With respect to Institutions formed in order to ameliorate the outward condition of mankind, which of them failed, when brought distinctly before him, to engage his warm approbation and

his powerful patronage? Often have some of us mingled with vast assemblies, where his majestic countenance and commanding tones have imparted force to charitable sentiments, and where his pointed addresses have induced the conductors of a merciful and holy undertaking to resume their exertions with augmented cheerfulness and vigour. Nor was it possible for us to avoid being struck with the respectful attention which he paid to every speaker, his obliging and dexterous recurrence to the topics which had been successively chosen, his graceful importunity, and the promptitude with which he was accustomed, when concluding the business of one anniversary, to pledge, as far as circumstances might permit, his attendance at another.

The feeling, in consequence, awakened among all classes, served a much higher end than the gratification of his royal highness, or even an accession to the fame and the resources of beneficent institutions: it improved the hearts which it set in motion; it was useful to the learned, the eloquent, and the wealthy, as well as to those for whom they reasoned, pleaded, and subscribed; under its auspicious direction, each well-disposed and delighted auditor was afresh prepared to advance, with his dutiful, cordial, and reverential tenders, to the constitution of his country, the throne of his sovereign, and the altar of his God. To me it is more and more evident, that the means chiefly conducive to harmony, loyalty, morality, and religion, comprehend those which I have thus brought before you, and which not only the lamented Duke of Kent, but other members of his illustrious family, have, for many years, honoured themselves by approving and adopting.

In connexion with the individual whom we so greatly esteemed, and whom, with pensive pleasure, we will all venture to designate *our departed friend*, curiosity, and, it may be, something better than curiosity, urges a solemn question:—What were his views and impressions, as an expectant of immortality, when he arrived at its confines?—Unacquainted as I am with the particulars of the final scene, and with the interior habits previously maintained, a decisive answer from my lips would be unsanctioned and improper. That, in the midst of life, he venerated the Christian character, and bestowed warm applause on certain preachers whom he knew to be the scorn or the envy of the ignorant and the profane, has been well attested; and I most willingly circulate the report, that, in the near anticipation of the change which he felt to be inevitable, he appealed fervently to God for the remission of sin, and admittance into the kingdom of heaven.

But though a jealous care, lest either my deference to the great, or my affection to the kind, should betray me into the language of flattery, may, in the judgment of some, have given this statement a more than sufficient air of caution; I feel assured, that, could the voice of him whom the statement regards, be rendered audible in this assembly, his voice, from whatever region of the universe it might proceed, would proclaim my forgiveness, or rather, my full acquittal. The colourings of hope, in their application to the dead, are, probably, much oftener chargeable with excess than with defect; and, while, in neither case, can they alter the condition of the dead, it is to be feared, that in the former case, they are

incalculably prejudicial to the living—whom they dazzle into a confidence, that, whether their characters be exemplary, or dubious, or flagrantly bad, death will elicit the encomiums of men, and surround them with the congratulations of angels.

On the other hand, we should recollect, that the spiritual disadvantages of a prince are neither few nor small. To say nothing of the homage invariably paid him, and of that pomp whose glare so often conceals from him his obligations and his interests—how easily may he avoid listening to the accents of evangelical truth, as they fall from the lips of those who, experiencing its renovating influence, are intent on the eternal welfare of all around them; and how seldom is wholesome advice poured into his ear, or “pure and undefiled religion” exemplified before his eye! The elements of his grandeur conspire against his salvation.

Let inferior and even indigent mortals, when regretting, the former their obscurity, the latter their privations, consider this; that they may learn to oppose the first risings of discontent, and even to be thankful that God has assigned to them the humble vale—a spot favourable to the growth of righteousness and peace. I may also suggest, that the most candid conclusions which the Scriptures, fairly interpreted, will support, should be eagerly drawn in favour of such as must encounter the perils of worldly elevation.

I close this part of the subject, by remarking, that, if the prayers of the devout, and the wishes of the rest, could have availed—the estimable and never to be forgotten Duke of Kent had not, in the vigour of his days, and at the height of his

usefulness, and amidst the endearments of domestic life, been torn from an admiring and afflicted empire. May his bereaved consoling be directed to the mercy-seat of "the King eternal, immortal, and invisible;" and thence derive peace which passeth all understanding."

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE I

From the same.

OF him truth tells us what it is a privilege to hear, and a duty to publish. She declares he was frank, sincere, affable, and benign; he expatiates on his regular habits, his temper, his conjugal fidelity, and his paternal tenderness. She describes him as a patron of the arts and sciences, as "a lover of good men," as a believer in the Bible, and as a constant frequenter of the sanctuary. Could we summon from the precincts of his late residence, and from the unseen world, the numerous observers, with their veracity, their judgment, and their opportunities, might be selected as the most competent witnesses; they would enter into a more full and gratifying detail; they would encourage us to infer, from his conversation and demeanour, the predominance of principles not merely conformable with Christianity, but emanating directly from and producible by it alone. The fact is so plain that many subordinate situations about the court were filled by persons of undoubted piety.

his majesty set a high value upon such persons; that he occasionally conferred with them on the subject of their distinguishing sentiments; that he was uniformly indulgent to their peculiarities; and that, according to their testimony, he deserved to be revered as an humble disciple of the divine redeemer.

Bear in mind, together with these things, the disadvantages, already noticed, which throng around royal dignity;—disadvantages so multifarious and immense, that whosoever breaks through them displays, in that sublime achievement, what it were scarcely too much to call “the miraculous interposition of God.” Bear these things in mind, and your remembrance of what our late sovereign was, will communicate probability to your cheerful anticipations of what he will be at the end of time, and through everlasting ages. You will say, “We trust that, released from the cares of government, vexed no longer by the feuds and the vices of some for whom he was deeply interested, and no longer the prey either of bodily or of mental disorder, he now enjoys, through the mercy of God, and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ, the rest and the inheritance prepared for all believers.”

As for his official capacities, the administrations which he framed or dissolved, the wars which he levied or concluded, the territories which he lost or acquired, and all those mighty movements which, within the last forty years, have convulsed Europe, and astonished the world; I attempt no discussion, I adduce no document, no conjecture, no opinion. My province is not that of a politician; I should never be at home, never at ease, there. Thoughts, indeed, will

naturally arise on such subjects, which it were fastidious and absurd to banish from our social intercourse. But, sensible that, *every where*, the disciple of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, must guard against secularity, animosity, sycophancy, faction, and that political interference which lays the mind open to them all; I feel, more especially, concerned never to be chargeable with such interference *here*, or indeed to dilate on any topic, or manifest any temper, which would disappoint the holy wishes of a Christian congregation, or violate the awful engagements of a Christian minister.

At the same time, a discourse professedly applicable, as far as religious considerations admit, to an event so serious and affecting as that of a sovereign's demise, would be palpably deficient, if it took no cognizance of the principal transactions of his reign; whether those transactions respect the laws of the kingdom or the deeds of its inhabitants, such omission would, in the present instance, be the more inexcusable, as the period under review may, on various accounts, be deemed both important and illustrious.

During the late reign, our judges, who were, before, removable at pleasure, became fixed in their office for life, unless they should forfeit it by misconduct, or relinquish it at their own request. Their independence on the crown, thus secured, is obviously a wise expedient for promoting the upright administration of public justice. During the period which we are contemplating, the term of military service was limited, the privileges of Dissenters from the Established Church were extended, the execrable Slave Trade was abolished, and public munificence burst forth,

in the form of voluntary associations, with unprecedented ardor. In what kingdom, except that of Britain and Ireland, and under whose reign, except that of George the Third, has provision been made, equal to what we have the happiness of witnessing, for schools adapted to the lower classes—for Christian Missions in Mahometan and Heathen lands—and for the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures? The flame kindled at home is spreading, in every direction, abroad; so that we can hardly name a civilized, or uncivilized portion of the earth, accesible to British travellers, and whence the means of religious instruction are not repelled by force, which is not already benefited, and likely to be benefited still more, by the prudence, generosity, and zeal, of Christians resident or born in this much favoured island. Thus the spirit of commerce, adventure, and discovery, so characteristic of our fellow-subjects, and so distinctly encouraged by our late sovereign, has, at last, been made subservient to the noblest purposes; and our vessels, containing treasures, compared with which those of the proudest oriental potentates must be pronounced mere toys, are gone, and going to enrich and bless every shore.



CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF KENT.

From Dr. Collyer's Funeral Sermon.



IN adverting to the illustrious deceased, I shall confine myself, as on similar occasions I have ever done, simply to what *I know*; and while a

long and intimate intercourse has afforded me the advantage of close and accurate observation, I will not suffer myself to be betrayed, by my personal attachment, into any statement which I cannot substantiate, and for the accuracy of which I cannot challenge the testimony of all those who best knew the departed prince. I may the more readily expect the confidence of the public in this delineation of character, because I can appeal to that public, that, on all the occasions on which we have appeared together, my language has never been the language of flattery. I have often repressed my real feelings, in deference to those of His Royal Highness; and when I would have spoken the fulness of my heart, if I might have indulged it, and knew at the same time that I should have but conveyed the common sentiment of all assembled, I have confined myself to the most guarded and limited expressions, because I would not wound a delicacy which I have sometimes seen almost writhing under the sincere, but lengthened eulogy, which gratitude has pronounced. This was one of his distinguishing traits of character; as a *Man* he joined singular modesty with the most persevering activity, and unbounded benevolence. The public now know him, as I knew him some years before he appeared so conspicuously upon the stage of general observation. From the first hour of my acquaintance with him, until the last, bitter, parting moment, I found in him the same warm and generous disposition; the same promptitude to succour distress, and to promote comfort; the same simplicity and sincerity of character;—and I shall rejoice, to the last hour of my life in having been the instrument of introducing so many private virtues to public notice,

by prevailing upon him to take that active part for which his talents so eminently fitted him, but from which his modesty, and that alone had formerly withheld him. I never advanced this claim while he yet lived—but now that he is lost to me, I trust I may do it without vanity, as it forms almost my only consolation.

As a *Son*,—he was most exemplary for filial piety. With what reverence, and with what affection, have I heard him speak of his venerable Father and Sovereign!—of his unfeigned piety—of his devotional habits—of his anxious concern for the best interests of his children—of his faithful instructions! How often have those, who have only met him in public, seen the unbidden tear steal down his noble and manly countenance, when allusion has been made to that most excellent parent!

As a *Brother*,—he was all that could be expected from such a son, and such a man. In every thing that related to his family, or to any member of it, he had the liveliest sympathy and participation. He could say, with the Apostle, on every such occasion, “Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?” He considered the interest of all, and of each as his own.

As a *Master*,—let the tears of his domestics, and years which they spent in his service, tell what he was. These are honest and unbought tributes—they are the language of the heart, forcing itself from the eyes, and written on the countenance.

As a *Husband* and a *Father*,—the shortness of time in which he was suffered to enjoy these endearing relations, did not allow me to make many personal observations; and I have promised to

confine myself exclusively to that which I witnessed ; but this defect, as to private remark, is amply made up by the evident domestic habits of His Royal Highness, the known tenderness of his disposition, the concurrent testimony of those who were about him—and the inconsolable grief of survivors.

But how shall I speak of him as a *Friend*?—steady, sincere, affectionate !—He never bestowed his countenance where he did not give his confidence ; and when he confided, he did it wholly ; nor could that confidence be lightly shaken—it was not exposed to caprice, nor could it be alienated by calumny. He saw and judged for himself ; unswayed by the opinion of others, and firm in his own judgment, when he had once convinced himself that the individual whom he honoured with his notice was really worthy of his esteem.

His *talents* were of the first order. A clear and sound understanding, a penetrating judgment, a correct taste, a quick apprehension, a ready eloquence, distinguished him. His *reverence for religion* was unfeigned and constant. Humble as to his views of his own pretensions, he was a sincere lover of all good men, and entertained the highest respect for a devotional spirit. His *liberality of sentiment* was most conspicuous. It did not arise from indifference. Principled himself, he admired principle in others. Conscientiously attached to the Established Church of England, he held not only that it was every man's right, but that it was his paramount duty, to judge for himself in matters of religion. Nor could his enlarged mind possibly admit that truth is exclusively confined to a party ; while his benevolent heart wished all denominations equally to share every

evil, religious, and intellectual advantage. His *manners* were most gracious and attractive. No one could take an undue liberty with him, no one was awed and overpowered by him. It was unblenched majesty: and its character was truly British; it was the majesty that might befit a royal prince among a free people. Britain might have challenged the world to produce his peer; and have anticipated nothing but triumph in competition. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places!"

PRIVATE AND PERSONAL CHARACTER OF THE LATE KING.

From Dr. Collyer's Funeral Sermon on His late Majesty's Death.

THE monarch of Britain had a home, as well as a throne—he was a husband, and a father, as well as a prince—he felt the private and social obligations as strongly as those which appertained to his royal dignity. His *domestic* excellence, commanded the respect of his people, and the love of his family. Affectionate and faithful to the partner of his crown and of his cares, he did not leave her a prey to the melancholy attending deserted state, the very splendours of which seem mockery to outraged affections. The time which could be taken from public and official duty, was devoted to the sacred pleasures of home; and the king sat happy in the bosom of his family, encircled and revered by all his children, while they were yet children—an example to all ranks of society—and a reproach to those frivolous beings who prefer the glare of dissipation to the charms of their own hearth—who violate the ties of connubial

love, by indulging the impurities of illicit course—or devastate the comforts of wedded life by cruel neglect, or criminal unkindness. As a father also, his anxieties that his child should grow up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” has been repeatedly told in a pleasant voice, which sounds in my ear no longer!

In his *individual* character—he was remarkable for *simplicity* in all his habits. Accessible and affable to those about him—kind and benevolent to all—he united to these amiable qualities a clear perception—and possessed mental powers of an extent not, at one time, generally understood. He was always allowed by those who were best acquainted with him—and whose official duties planted him upon the post of observation. He was distinguished for his temperance. He had learned and practiced habitually, what a royal parent once taught her son—“It is not for kings, Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink; lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that have heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his misery, and remember his misery no more. The measure of his appetites—the sobriety of his hours—the regularity of his habits, may not afford an useful lesson to the higher classes of society—but to all ranks in his dominions an example of moderation to the private gentlemen—and the personal indulgencies—the professors of religion themselves, by whom it is not always kept within the same just limit.

His personal *piety* might be marked by those who chose to witness his public, but unob-

tious regard to the ordinances of God, and the sanctity of the sabbath—a regard so uniform, and so devotional, as to excite the public censures of the unprincipled satirist, and the secret sneers of the worldly and the profane. Such an example ought to have its weight; and it should be strongly urged, now that our restored intercourse with the Continent seems to have inoculated us with the continental levity and vice of Sunday travelling and Sunday entertainments. Let the command of God be heard from the grave of the monarch—“Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy.” Nor was his religion merely a public religion—occasionally assumed for political, or popular purposes—soon to be laid aside, and to be separated from his private habits. It pervaded all his deportment, and formed his character. It was real and personal. It was demonstrated by his devotional spirit—and by his invariable practice of devoting one hour every morning to reading the Scriptures, and to closet-prayer. These are a few only of the traits of a great sovereign, and of a good man. We should have been glad of a dying testimony, but it has been withheld—let us be thankful for the evidence of a consistent life—and the witness of a good conscience.

ON THE

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF THE
DUKE OF KENT.

Extracted from a Sermon by the Rev. James Radge, D.D.
Domestic Chaplain to his late Royal Highness.

MANY years have not elapsed, since I was first introduced to the acquaintance, and admitted to the friendship of the illustrious deceased. From

the confidence with which he uniformly honoured me, I have enjoyed many opportunities of knowing his private sentiments on most of the topics to which the world at large are interested, forming a proper estimate of his character and virtues; and I feel justified in applying to him in the truest sense, the words of my text, that he was a great man!"

A man of more diffusive benevolence and of greater sweetness of temper, and of more urbanity of manners, scarcely ever existed. I was kind and affable to all who approached him, and importuned his charity. He was frank and generous even to a fault. It is well known, owing to some heavy debts which had been contracted, and to some unfortunate losses which he had sustained in early life, by the vessel to which he had consigned considerable property being wrecked, his circumstances were in an embarrassed state. In order to extricate himself from an unpleasant situation, with a regard to justice, he cannot be too much admired and copied, he rendered the greater part of his income, reserving to himself but a small portion, (£6000 per annum) for the maintenance of his rank, and support of his household. That he might effectually carry this equitable arrangement into execution, he was under the necessity of resorting to the continent, being unable on his moderate scale of income, to live in this country, in which, as he has frequently told me, the most painful denial to which he was subject, was his inability to relieve the numerous applications with which he was daily pressed; for, so far had the fruits of his philanthropy and benevolence spread, that there was no part of the empire, however remote from which he was not in the habit of receiving

daily appeals to his humanity. In short, he was the universal refuge for the poor and needy, to which all who had woes to communicate, and distresses to be relieved, resorted! Notwithstanding his reduced means of doing good, a part of the income to which he had restricted himself, was appropriated to the general purposes of benevolence; and scarcely a day passed without some object that was perishing for want, sharing in his income, and partaking of his bounty. And all this was done without ostentation; without, I believe, the privy of any other individuals, excepting myself, and the objects relieved! Alas! how many tears must now be bathing the cheeks of the widow; how many pangs must now be rending the hearts of the aged, for the loss of this great and beneficent prince! Many there are, who are now living in the country and have seen happier days, who are yearly pensioners on his bounty; and who must now I fear, be reduced to beggary, unless some friendly hand be stretched out, or some benign charity interpose to prevent their perishing for hunger and want. I have dwelt the more particularly on his acts of private beneficence, because they have fallen more within my own knowledge, and because they afford the most unequivocal proof, that the streams of his charity flowed from the purest source, and sprang from a heart which was ever filled with the love and the luxury of doing good to that afflicted part of the creation, which yet, "travailleth with pain." With respect to his public charities, the inhabitants of this great city have had opportunities equal to those I have enjoyed, of forming their opinion and appreciating his benevolence. Upon all the friends of the numerous charitable institutions of the metropolis, will ever be impressed the pleasing recollection of the intense and particular interest which he uniformly

took in their prosperity; the discrimination with which he discussed every thing which had a tendency to increase their funds, and enlarge the sphere of their usefulness; the dignity and affability of the manner with which he presided over every society of which he was the friend and patron; the animation and delight which his presence diffused; the rich and copious information with which he enlightened every topic of discussion, and charmed and astonished every hearer; the simple yet majestic chain of eloquence which he pressed every bearing, explained every object, and descanted upon every advantage; the charity of which he was the advocate: these are recollections which can never be effaced, which will ever return to the memory in all its vividness, and in all the colouring of an ever new and enduring admiration. But it was not only, amid these feasts of charity, that his greatness and amiableness of character were to be traced: let us follow him from these scenes where he diffused joy and gladness, and enkindled in others the spirit of love and beneficence, and see how in private life, the relative duties of his station were discharged. I speak of him as a son, and never surely were more filial love and affection depicted in the countenance of any man than when the virtues of his venerable sire were the theme of his eloquent tongue! There were some traits in the character and habits of our good and aged sovereign, which it seemed to have been his study and delight to have imitated. They were both equally remarkable for the habit of early rising, and assigning to every part of the day some appropriate duty, and some distinct employment. Hence time was properly economized, its true value and importance well appreciated. Our king was remarkable for the kindness and

ness of manner with which he conversed with the poor, heard their respective tales, and relieved their pressing necessities. In this instance, the example of the parent was not lost upon the son: he spoke with the utmost benignity to the poorest claimant, not merely contenting himself with imparting the relief which was solicited, but making such inquiries and adding such expressions of interest in their behalf, as gave a double value and esteem to the bounty bestowed. It was the invariable practice of our revered sovereign, to lend his ready and powerful aid to the promotion of religion, and he was always the first to set an example to his subjects of an outward regard to the rites and ceremonies of the church; he was always alive to every thing which had for its object the temporal and eternal good of his people. He was a friend to the diffusion of religious knowledge, and willed that every poor man in his dominions might be able to read his bible. It will be found, that to the forwarding of this benevolent wish, and to the accomplishing of this great object of the king, the unwearied exertions of the son were ever most prominently and actively directed. Upon the services of the church, he was a constant attendant in the chapel of Kensington Palace; thus setting a good example to his household and to his servants, by whom he was ever most tenderly beloved as the kindest and most indulgent of masters.

I am enabled to add from authority, something which must ever give the most delightful satisfaction to those to whom the departed prince had endeared himself, by the many amiable and popular virtues of his character. If his life had been distinguished by the exercise of benevolent actions; if in his generation, he was a beneficent prince,

and an useful member of society; if in the station in which Providence placed him, he discharged its duties, and fulfilled the object for which he was created, of doing good to man, and promoting the glory of God, he was, I trust I may say it—no less distinguished and blessed in his death! No sooner had the complaint to which he fell an early and unexpected victim, assumed a character of seriousness and alarm, then he commenced those preparations for eternity, which befit the soul at those awful periods in which it is about to dissolve its connexion with one world, and ally itself in all holy communion with another! He set his house in order, and prepared to die; and with such firmness of purpose, with such resignedness of mind, and such piety of soul, as were really wonderful to contemplate. His countenance beamed with the most pious submission to the will, while his lips uttered the most perfect reliance on the mercy of heaven. He frequently appealed to the Saviour for the remission of sins; and, as a sinner, looked to him only for salvation and forgiveness; and while his beloved partner, with an anxious and amiable solicitude was attending his bed-side, and sweetening his dying pangs, by her tender assiduity and watchings, as long as his strength remained, and his words could be distinguished, he continued to repeat the Lord's prayer, and blessing those about him, saying, "God bless you all—God bless you!" He breathed his last, and gave up the ghost!

FINIS.

John Hill, Printer, Water Lane, Blackfriars.







